

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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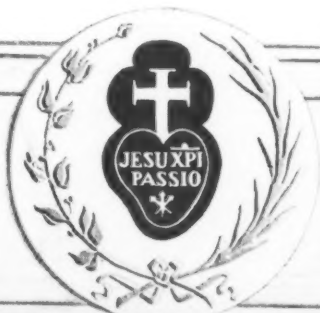
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Vol. 8, No. 12

July, 1929

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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FR. GODFREY HOLBEIN, C.P.

The Voice of A Martyred Priest

UNDER the caption, "Our Three American Martyrs," on pages 755-761 you will find a detailed account of the capture and slaying of Fathers Walter Coveyou, Godfrey Holbein and Clement Seybold, Passionists. It is the most dramatic story, all the more thrilling because of dealing with facts, that has ever appeared in *THE SIGN*. The manner of his death gives pronounced emphasis to these excerpts from a letter written by Father Godfrey to Archbishop Curley of Baltimore:

"How long must the Catholic Church, the only Church, scrape and scrape, not only in uncivilized places, such as China, but even in the Southern and Western States, and in the end throw up a few shacks as bad perhaps as the Stable of Bethlehem, in which the God of this beautiful world may dwell, to house His little ones and to shelter His priests?

"Worse, there are places wherein He is not so much as even heard of. This state of things is, I think, due to the fact that many of our Catholics who are in a position to do better things, do not realize that the condition in other parts of the world are, by no means, similar to the rich and populated world in which they move.

"Thus they descend to trivialities. They will put thousands of dollars into a monument erected to the memory of loved ones when this same money would

build two or more churches in a place where Christ is not known and where such monuments perhaps will not be so gratifying to vanity as a beautiful statue, but will, nevertheless, be more appreciated by the soul of the departed one and further God's love among men.

"Many more will spend money in the embellishment of temples that are past further adornment, bringing about a deterioration into mere art museums to which artists and people come to look, but not to pray.

"Oh! When will our people realize the big thing they can do for themselves, their loved ones, their God! But I wonder . . ."

* * * * *

DOWN South in Washington, North Carolina, Father Mark Moeslein, C.P., needs \$12,500 to enlarge the little school of Our Mother of Mercy Colored Mission. (Read pages 736-737). May I be permitted to use the eloquent words of the martyred Father Godfrey to accentuate the appeal for his brother Passionist.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Volume Eight

July, 1929

Number Twelve

Current Fact and Comment

The United States and the Vatican

THE recent signing of the Lateran Treaty by Cardinal Gasparri, representing the Pope, and Premier Mussolini, representing the King, closes the breach made in 1870, when the Italian States were unified and the Pope was deprived of his temporal sovereignty. The treaty stipulates that Italy shall give to the Pope absolute jurisdiction over Vatican City — an area of 105 acres, embracing St. Peter's Basilica and the Vatican Palace—and a compensation of about \$88,000,000 for loss of the Papal States. In return, the Holy See will recognize the Kingdom of Italy.

Even during the "imprisonment" of the Pope no less than twenty-eight countries have had more or less uninterrupted diplomatic relations with the Holy See; and, now that the Papal State has been officially recognized, it is to be expected that other countries will enter into such relations. It is only natural for us American Catholics to conjecture what will be the attitude of our own Government towards Vatican City.

To many of our readers it will be news to learn that as early as 1797, American consuls had represented our interests in the Papal States. With "a just regard to our commercial interests" President Polk thought it "highly expedient" to enter into more formal relations with the Holy See, and, in 1848, he sent Jacob L. Martin as first American chargé to Rome. A sidelight on the statesmanship of the then Secretary of State, Buchanan, is found in his first instruction to Martin. He wrote: "You will carefully avoid even the appearance of interfering in ecclesiastical questions, whether these relate to the United States or any other portion of the world."

It was not without intensely bitter debates in Congress

that these diplomatic relations were established. They continued for twenty years, during which time the only matters of any importance between the two Governments were the attitude of the United States towards the Papal States through the political changes taking place in Italy, and the position of the Holy See regarding our Civil War.

Shortly after his appointment, Mr. Martin fell a victim to Roman fever, and was succeeded by Lewis Cass, Jr., who served until 1858. In 1854, he had been raised to the rank of Minister Resident. Cass was succeeded by John P. Stocton (1858-1861) who later represented New Jersey in the United States Senate. On Stocton's request to be recalled, Rufus King was appointed in his stead. King was instructed to inform the Papal Government that the United States did not intend to take any action in the political affairs of the Papal States, which latter was to observe a like attitude in respect to the American situation.

When King was made a brigadier-general he suggested that Alexander W. Randall, later Governor of Wisconsin and Postmaster-General, should succeed him. Randall soon discovered that he was unfitted for the post and was relieved in the following year by Richard M. Blatchford, of Connecticut, who remained until October, 1863, when King for the second time was appointed. His recall in 1867, terminated the diplomatic relations between the Holy See and Washington.

Whether a diplomatic representative will ever again be sent from the United States to join those already accredited to the Holy See from other countries will, of course, depend upon what advantages are looked for from such diplomatic contacts. In a commercial way

Vatican City, the smallest independent country in the world, has little to offer and practically nothing to expect. However, her moral influence infinitely outweighs her material wealth, as England acknowledged by resuming diplomatic relations with the Holy See during the World War—and we are convinced that by the establishment of official contacts between Washington and the Vatican our own country will be the gainer.

The Mansions of Philosophy

WILL DURANT, having inoculated the proletariat, or the boobosie, as Mencken more politely calls it, with the germ of philosophy, and having got this same proletariat into a mood for further punishment, now comes before the frenzied citizens with a new volume, which he airily terms "The Mansions of Philosophy." Of course, it is heralded as "the last word," "the best of all," and all the rest of the stock phrases of press agents. But it can be said that it is the veriest "bunk." Seldom have we found a reviewer of what are called philosophical books who criticizes a volume from such a Catholic viewpoint as Lewis Sherwin, writing in the *New York Evening Post*. And when we say Catholic, we mean that he looks at it with common sense. It will interest those who were inveigled into reading Durant's first hoax, called "The Story of Philosophy," but should have been termed, "Stories About Philosophers." Mr. Sherwin writes:

"Work, Sir?" said the tramp in Haddon Chambers' "Pasersby": "Work's for workmen."

Philosophy, I am tempted to add after reading this book, is for philosophers.

Who started this business, anyway, of peddling culture in capsules?

Van Loon, Dorsey, Durant all have pretty much the same manner. They scorn the polysyllabic jargon of the academies and replace it with a style full of the exasperating benevolence of a beaming schoolmarm.

The modest scope of Mr. Durant's 700 pages is the whole of life. He would take you gently by the hand and initiate you into the practical application of philosophy to your daily conduct, the regulation of your affairs and the control of your character. (Free will, you will observe, one of the most baffling and to the individual the most absorbing question in philosophy he gayly throws over his shoulder.)

In fact, to distort a quotation of Frank Moore Colby's, what Mr. Durant does is to conduct you into the suburbs of philosophy and leave you there. A Traprock expedition, more or less.

If this seems exaggerated or unkind, listen to Mr. Durant's own description of his project:

"We shall dally for a while with logic and try to answer Pilate." (Why so modest?)

"We shall merely gaze epistemology and acknowledge the limits of human understanding; these usurping disciplines will find here the modest space which is all they need have in the mansions of philosophy.

"Then we shall leap into the metaphysical center of things (sic) and make up our minds about materialism; we shall see if we may, whether thought is a function of matter, and whether choice is the delusion of a transiently animated machine." (Just like that.)

"Esthetics will claim us for an hour (the old slowcoach!) and we shall consider the meaning of beauty and the pros-

pects of art. We shall look at history and seek for its lessons and laws; we shall question the quality of progress and weigh the destiny of our civilization.

"Then political philosophy will lure us and we shall find ourselves debating . . . the problems of anarchism, communism, socialism, conservatism, democracy, aristocracy and dictatorship. . . . The philosophy and immortality and God. . . .

"Finally, we shall bring the pessimist and the optimist together, appraising the boons and pains of life; and looking over the whole we shall try to state in conclusion the worth and meaning of life.

"It will be a tour of the infinite."

Could Thomas Cook & Sons do more? Could Dr. Cook do less?

It seems incredible that such a naïf piece of coxcombrery should find its way into print, but there it is, Conscript Fathers.

Maybe you are impatient by this time to learn what is Mr. Durant's philosophy, what has all his dabbling with the verities and the infinite done for him? Well, his philosophy, in a word, is the philosophy of Arthur Brisbane. It is the pontification of every successful mediocrity. Marry, take exercise, life is good, have children, cultivate your garden, don't avoid life and action; the man who seeks solitude is a shirker, do not require too much of the universe, *undsowweiter*.

Most of his easy generalizations, such as "women are obscure," are as hackneyed as they are naïf. But the champion example of the last quality you can find in his chapter on the rearing of children. "The methods and conclusions which I suggest," he crows proudly, "are the result of a very limited experience and I should like to present them for what they are—the adventure of two parents with one child." He then proceeds to narrate in considerable detail the system by which he and his wife brought up their young daughter. At the end of the chapter you find that the young lady is as yet only ten years old.

The Meaning of History he conveys by means of a symposium among Anatole France, Voltaire, Nietzsche, Karl Marx, Carlyle and other magnificos. He uses the same method for discussing the religions in an imaginary conversation between Andrew, an atheist; Clarence, an agnostic; Esther, a Jewess; Sir James, an anthropologist; Kung, a Chinaman, and so forth. Poor Mohammed is left out of it. The conclusions are the usual, debonair genuflections to all creeds.

I predict an enormous sale for this book. It is superficial, trivial, pretentious, worthless. It flatters all mankind obsequiously (except the rich). It dallies gayly with the fringes of erudition, providing his readers with a ready fund of predigested chit-chat that will probably tickle their vanity enormously. It will offend nobody but the sane and even they should get such a chuckle out of the naïvete of the performance that they should not be seriously annoyed.

Mexico at Peace

AFTER three years the bloody persecution of the Church in Mexico has apparently come to an end. While we rejoice that the churches are again open, that the clergy may offer publicly the Holy Mass, and an oppressed people worship God in peace, we find it hard to forget the unjustifiable murder of 185 innocent priests, the imprisonment of thousands of others, the exiling of the bishops, and the downright slaughter of thousands of inoffensive Catholics, under the inhuman, anti-Christian and ungodly government of the diabolical Calles gang.

The original cause of the breach between the Church and State in Mexico was what the Church justly regarded as an invasion of the Church's strict rights by the State. This was that all priests should be "registered." While this registration was understood to be directed chiefly against foreign priests resident in Mexico, the Church authorities knew that it was an attempt on the part of the civil authorities to dictate not only the number of priests to be assigned to any parish, but also to name those priests. In other words, the State would treat the Church as a civil institution and practically regard the priests as members of the civil service. The Church authorities could not countenance this usurpation of ecclesiastical authority and, therefore, closed the churches rather than submit to an iniquitous law. In the agreement arrived at the Civil Government has conserved the right of the bishops to the appointment of parish priests and their assistants. Thus the Mexican Church has won a splendid victory in obtaining from the Government an official recognition of her supremacy in spiritual matters. The only sad thing about the settlement of the Mexican situation is that it took three years of bloody persecution to bring the Government to recognize the injustice of its own position.

Incidentally, we must express our gratification at the elevation of Bishop Pascual Diaz from the bishopric of Tabasco to the archbishopric of Mexico City and the primacy of Mexico. To his generously-given coöperation we are indebted for having been able to give to THE SIGN readers a true description of the root causes of conflict between Church and State in Mexico. To his uninterrupted and intelligent efforts is largely due the reconciliation that has been effected, and on which we felicitate the Mexican clergy and people.

British Tars: American Priest

FROM British Military Headquarters, Tientsin in China, comes this expression of a beautiful tribute to the memory of Father Godfrey Holbein, C.P., martyred in Hunan. The writer is the Rev. W. Divine, chaplain of the Forces:

"I wish to express my sincere sympathy with you all in the loss of your three Fathers under such tragic circumstances. As you are aware, Father Godfrey was well known to me, which brings home the sad happening in a very particular manner. During his enforced stay in Shanghai two years ago nothing pleased him so much as to come with me to the many different units of British soldiers and help to hear their confessions. He had a real fondness for that work, and many a time insisted on breaking other engagements to do it.

"I had therefore a public Mass for him and his two companions at a church parade of the British soldiers here, attended by the French Sisters of Charity. One of the soldiers present was instructed for his First Communion by Father Godfrey in Shanghai; all regretted

keenly his sad death. They recited the litany of the Blessed Virgin for him after Mass, and stood to attention while the buglers sounded the last post.

"I would wish to inform you of this mark of respect from British soldiers to a young American priest who regarded no nationality in his work for souls, and of their sympathy with you and all his confrères."

In Southwest Georgia

FROM April 28th, to May 19th, Father Richard Fay, C.P., conducted missions at Moultrie, Fitzgerald, and Bainbridge, in Georgia.

The average number of Catholics in each of these places was twenty-five. However, the average number in attendance at the services was one hundred and twenty-five. The interest non-Catholics took in these mission services was remarkable. They were most anxious to become acquainted with the teachings and practices of the Catholic Religion.

At the beginning of each mission the non-Catholics timidly inquired whether they would be allowed to attend. The reason for this timidity was due to the misunderstanding that the doctrines of the Catholic Church were of a secretive nature and only members of the Catholic Church were privileged to hear these doctrines preached.

The non-Catholic ministers did many things to engage the minds and time of their people during the missions in order to prevent these people from attending the mission services. But these same people "got wise" to these tactics and did not hesitate to call their ministers' attention to the fact that they were attending the mission services and were instrumental in bringing even the ministers themselves to the services.

These were the first Catholic missions people in this section of the country ever had the opportunity of making and they begged with all their heart's sincerity that they be continued.

Thanks to the generous contributions of the non-Catholics, Father Richard not only secured his expenses but also a splendid stipend.

Several non-Catholics told him how much was missing in their churches to satisfy the thirst for true religion their souls experienced and how much that thirst was satisfied by becoming acquainted with the teachings of the Catholic Church.

These facts are an evidence of the work that remains to be done right here in our own country. They are a striking proof that America, even in those parts more commonly regarded as hostile to the Church, is becoming riper every day for the fructifying seed of Catholicism. It is unfortunate, however, that while the people are anxious to hear the truth there are so few priests to teach it. For instance, in the Southwest Georgia Missions, covering 23,000 square miles there are only two priests!

Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

TESTAMENT

Our Passion poem for July is culled from *Columbia*. John W. Lynch is the author.

Loose the nails now; take Him down,
He's stretched . . . and taut . . . and dried!
No felon this that hangs here dead,
No bleaching corpse with rigid head,
A parchment white, inscribed in red,
This Christ they crucified!

Take Him down, with reverent care,
He's fragile . . . costly . . . dear!
Parchment written on with whips,
Penned with sharpened leaden tips,
Paragraphed in livid strips,
Then stamped with iron spear!

Take Him down. . . . How can I read
A message high above?
Ah! Now I see. This vellum thin
Appears a document wherein
Men have written . . . hate . . . and sin,
And God has written . . . Love!

Then fold Him gently; guard Him well,
Envault Him in a tomb.
A covenant in Death's disguise,
Here a five-sealed charter lies
That grants the joy of Paradise,
That ends eternal doom!

ADIEU "TAD"

Universal mourning in newspaperdom followed the death of beloved "Tad," the cartoonist par excellence who kept the world in good humor for a decade. *Editor and Publisher* thus comments editorially on his passing:

He wasn't much to look at, a gangling chap with hat pulled down over his eyes, and he wasn't much of a fellow to talk or ply the arts of the good mixer. But "Tad" had heart and soul, a philosophy of life, deep wells of humor, loyalty to friends and job and unsurpassed ability in his chosen field. His death brings personal sorrow to millions who, for more than a quarter of a century, have faithfully followed his droll cartoons and chuckled at his odd paragraphs. He was the most prolific coiner of slang phrases of the generation. His humor caught on, both with the low-brow and high-brow, because it was true characterization. No one knew the tin-horn types of sportdom so well as did T. A. Dorgan, and to countless city newspaper readers his stuff carried better comedy than could be found on the stage or in the permanent bindings of books. To the sophisticated follower of games which attract, indeed absorb, the petty gambler, such as boxing and racing, Tad's daily dish was the best the newspaper board afforded.

Mr. Brisbane likens Tad to Dickens. That is true within Tad's field of interest. Once in awhile the cartoonist would give us a hint of his deeper philosophy, as in the case of "Judge Rummy's Court," which was really a daring satire upon the judicial system of the metropolis at a time when any good-looking vampire could "get away with murder." But Tad was in his glory when picturing the asininites of

the red-hot he-man sport. His drawings were in excellent technique, some characters almost photographically true; his humanization of dogs and bugs was especially novel and realistic. Tad was in a class by himself both as cartoonist and paragrapher. For years he was a patient, industrious, modest "plugger" at his drawing board, doing his difficult stuff while suffering physical agonies unknown to any but his most intimate friends.

Adieu, good Tad! You served your day and generation far better than you knew. Thanks for a thousand laughs when all the world seemed drab and stupid.

SUICIDES

It must have taken considerable courage on the part of the editor of the *Christian Herald* to print this note in praise of the Church (the italics are ours):

Not since 1916 has the suicide rate been so high as during 1928. In 1916 the rate was eighteen for every hundred thousand population in 100 cities. In 1928 it was 17.5 for every hundred thousand population in the same cities. The highest rate on record was for the year 1908 when there were 21.5 suicides for every one hundred thousand population. Of the 156 cities studied this year eighty-eight showed an increase over 1927. The present growth in suicides has continued steadily in the United States since 1920. Fifteen thousand people died by their own hands in the United States in 1928 and another 35,000 attempted suicide.

Of all countries, the island of Jamaica and the Irish Free State have the lowest number of suicides. This is due, in Jamaica to the Negro population and, in the Irish Free State, to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. *Suicides are more infrequent where Catholicism is strong.*

TO THE ITALIANS OF BOSTON

Though the sentiments of the learned Cardinal of Boston are always quotable, these words to the Italians of his diocese are eminently so. The Cardinal recently addressed in their own language a large assemblage of the sons and daughters of Italy and among many excellent things, according to *Veritas*, he said:

"From this day, joining your cry to that of all the million voices of federation, go out to your enemies, your false friends, those who would deceive you and those who would rob you of your Catholic faith, go out and say to all: I am a Catholic, a Catholic of proud and lovely Italy. Peter died upon the hills of Rome. Paul was beheaded out beyond the gates, and from the soil blessed and sanctified by their sacred blood given freely for the faith of Christ, the great mother Church of Rome arose; from her and from her alone I will accept the truth of Christ.

"My ancestors were the princes of the royal kingdom of God. In the centuries of terrible persecution they daily faced death in the arena or partook of the bread of life in the very bowels of the earth. In the midst of a war compared to which this war is nothing in duration and hatred, they never flinched. They faced Caesar with a smile and went to death rejoicing. That was Roman courage—Italian bravery without bravado.

And when peace came they brought the cross and salvation and civilization to all the rest of the world. To Erin, worshipping in her Druid groves; to Albion, half savage in

her foggy forests; to Germany, still under the banner of Thor—everywhere our father went; our fathers in race, in blood and in faith. Do you think that with that history of my race behind me I am going to accept any religion made in Germany or England or any other except that born in Judea, where Christ gave the keys to Peter and made him the rock of the Church's foundation? Ours, our very own, were all the great Popes by whose blessed influence were civilized the barbarian hordes, and under whose blessed sway the nations of Europe were founded. The Gregorys, the Clements, the Leos—they were all our own.

"And Dante, and Giotto and Raphael and Michaelangelo, these are all our blood relatives, and they received their loftiest aspirations from the very faith which we possess. Columbus is ours and Cabot and Vespucci, are ours; and they, like us, loved the great Madonna Santissima, the great mother of God. What can you ever give us that will ever blot these things from our memory?

"We have come here not rich in the goods of the earth and you call us poor. Why, whatever you have of civilization you owe to us, to us Catholics of Italy. Our earthly poverty is no disgrace. Our dear St. Francis took Lady Poverty for his own sweet bride and compelled kings to do her honor. But despise if you will our poverty, you shall not mock and revile the eternal patrimony of the soul which Rome and Italy have given us, our Catholic faith. We are not cold and calculating as you of the foggy north.

"You may boast of muddling through, but to us who can look at the sun your muddling is the poorest of logic. We want none of your worldly goods in exchange for the Catholic Christian spirit of the religion of our ancestors and of our whole race. The cross, the Mass, the dear Madonna, the whole sacred ritual and glorious graphic symbolism of our creed is dear to us as life. No cheerless, self-satisfied and smug respectability without red blood or beating heart will ever take the place of all the glowing life and love of our Roman inheritance.

"What have you to give us in comparison with twenty centuries of a noble Christian inheritance? Poor? What care we? Christ was poor. But ignoble, hiding for fear or shame the bright badge of our holy faith, cringing for doubtful favors at the expense of the greatest pride of our nation and blood, our Roman Catholic Church? Never, never! We are here to do our duty in all things, our duty first to God and then to this land we love.

"Let this be the word of faith and truth, to all who dare to come to us with a lie upon their lips: We shall keep forever clear this our treble noble glorious title—We are and shall be Catholic in faith, Italian in noble inheritance of our race and blood, American in undying allegiance. True to the doctrines of our faith, true to the glorious history of our race, true to the high call of America in her needs and in our honor we shall proudly keep within our hearts a triple love and a triple fealty to the Catholic Church, to Italy, to America.

"There is neither diminution nor contradiction between them all. For true patriotism is not what you seem to imply by your peevish words, a merely mechanical thing which a hyphen can weaken. It is the heart cry of fidelity to God, to race and to country. We are Catholics, we want no other creed than Peter's. We are Italians by race and we glory in our blood. We are Americans in a loyal and faithful citizenship with all that implies. Let this be your answer to all who ask 'Who are you and what do you stand for?'"

A STUDY IN CRIME

Our President says that America is the most unsafe place in the world to live. From the following homicide statistics published by *The Spectator*, a weekly review of insurance, we learn of the most unsafe place in America to live.

According to these figures the ten cities having the most homicides for 1928 are as follows:

	Population	Deaths	Rate Per 100,000
(1) Memphis, Tenn.	190,200	115	60.5
(2) Birmingham, Ala.	222,400	122	54.9
(3) Jacksonville, Fla.	140,000	74	52.6
(4) Atlanta, Ga.	255,100	115	45.1
(5) Little Rock, Ark.	79,200	30	37.9
(6) Macon, Ga.	61,200	22	35.9
(7) Savannah, Ga.	99,900	31	31.0
(8) Nashville, Tenn.	139,600	39	27.9
(9) Houston, Texas	275,000	72	26.2
(10) New Orleans, La.	429,400	111	25.9

The 1928 homicide rate for the six largest cities of the country is:

	Population	Deaths	Rate Per 100,000
(1) Detroit, Mich.	1,378,900	228	16.5
(2) Chicago, Ill.	3,157,400	498	15.8
(3) Cleveland, Ohio	1,010,300	134	13.3
(4) Philadelphia, Penn.	2,064,200	182	8.8
(5) New York City	6,017,500	401	6.7
(6) Los Angeles, Calif.	1,500,000	70	4.7

Poor maligned Chicago is four times safer than Memphis and New York nearly ten times as safe a place to live in as that unenviable city.

IN MEMORIAM

The slaying of the three Passionist missionaries in China brought forth these fine verses from *The Cross*, a publication edited by the Passionists in Dublin. Amator Crucis is the way the author signs himself.

Sleep well and peacefully your last long sleep
Beneath the shadow of Christ's saving Cross;
Nor grieve ye now, tho' sorrowing friends may weep—
'Tis thus love's fire doth purge out sorrow's dross.

Ye bade them fond farewell and sailed away
To save the souls for which Our Savior died;
Little ye dreamed so soon would dawn the day
Ye should be one with Him—Christ Crucified!

In life ye loved Him; bound to Him by vow
Ye preached His Passion, held the Cross on high;
In death, more powerfully ye preach Him now,
Showing how men, for Christ's sweet sake, can die.

Short time ye lived to tend the Master's Vine,
Ye saw it bloom, beheld the swelling bud;
Yet hath it now brought forth the best wine,
Not of the grape, but of your veins—red blood!

THE LITTLE FLOWER OF LISIEUX

Who would expect to find a panagieric of a saint of the Church in a secular journal? *The North American Review* prints a fine account of the life of the Little Flower by Alvin F. Sanborn. Among many good things he writes:

Sainte Therese of Lisieux, whom even the grave Sovereign Pontiff styles, almost playfully, "the Beloved Child of the Whole World," is a saint who—with due reverence be it said—is a close approach to a pet.

In the Carmel "Room of Souvenirs" are treasured the dress Therese wore when she scattered flowers before the

Blessed Sacrament on Corpus Christi Day, the dress she wore on the occasion of her first communion, the bushes from which she picked the roses whose petals she strewed before the Crucifix in the Convent yard, the ears of wheat and the wild flowers with which she bedecked every day the statue of the Christ Child in the Convent, and the two cornflower wreaths she tressed for the Holy Virgin during her last illness. Several inscriptions in the Chapel further emphasize the nature of her appeal; for instance, on the shrine itself, in Latin: "Congratulate me, because while I was still young, I pleased the Most High"; on a marble angel at the right of the shrine: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes"; and on another marble angel at the left: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

And then there is the fact that this gracious Girl Saint is to all intents and purposes a contemporary. But for an untimely death, she might still be among us, and would now be but fifty-five. Her four elder sisters are all living: three in the Carmel, where she finished her brief earthly career, the other in a Vizitandine Convent of the nearby city of Caen. Plenty of people in various walks of life in both Alencon and Lisieux (including an ex-Cabinet-Minister) knew her as a child. Making allowance for minor differences, she lived, at least up to her entrance into Carmel, the same life as the majority of persons now a trifle past middle age, and even in Carmel she was preoccupied with washing, ironing, sweeping, sewing and gardening, as not only her autobiography but certain of the souvenirs exhibited at Lisieux (pin-cushion, needle-book, scissors, wooden shoes) abundantly testify. The persons who invoke her, naturally get the closer to her since they have the impression that they are talking with a person they might easily have met. And these are considerations that render her exceptionally sympathetic.

In a prosaic age, Little Sainte Therese, with her arms full of roses, stands—purely devotional considerations left out of the account—for poetry; in a pragmatical age, she stands for idealism; in a self-indulgent age, for sacrifice; in a speed-daft, noisy, nerve-racking age, for contemplative calm. One does not need to be a devotee of the Catholic religion, or for that matter, of any religion, to realize this. "Even the unbeliever," opined the late Pere Leonce de Grandmaison, "may consent to see in such a character as that of Therese of the Child Jesus one of the great spiritual flames that sweep away the shadows of egoism and of materialism."

NOSMO KING SMITH

The Monitor, the Catholic paper of the diocese of Newark, is responsible for the following:

Many priests can, from personal experience, tell of strange names parents have tried to inflict upon their helpless infants at baptism. But under our regulations it is never possible to "get away" with any freak names. Protestant clergy apparently are more amenable to the idiosyncrasies of parents, having no rules regarding the naming of children according to the calendar of saints or of approved ecclesiastical precedence, and these clergy are helplessly obliged to baptize in accordance with the whims of parents. Hence some of the strange names borne by our separated brothers in every country. The following story is told by the Anglican Bishop of Sodor and Man.

A mother who was on the lookout for a name for her child, saw on a barn door the word "Nosmo." It attracted her and she decided to adopt it for her infant. A few days later, passing the same buildings, she saw the name 'King' on another door. She thought the two would sound well together, so her boy was baptized "Nosmo King Smith." On her way home from the church where the christening took

place, she again passed the barn. The two doors on which she had seen the names were now closed together, and what she read was "No Smoking."

"THE PIKER"

It was Saturday afternoon and the four of them were out on a shopping tour, testing the resilience of the modest pay envelope.

The baby boy had a tight grip on Pop's hand; and you could tell by the way he looked up into his eyes he thought Pop was the greatest guy that ever lived.

The little girl trailed behind with Ma.

Pop paused at the entrance of a mediocre gum drop bazaar. "Come on in," he said cheerily. "Let's all have an ice cream soda."

Ma hesitated and her tired eyes met his in mild protest.

But the holiday spirit was flooding Pop's soul and he was in no mood to brook opposition.

"Aw, come on," he urged, good naturedly. "An ice cream soda ain't gonna break us."

He and the boy started forward but still Ma held back.

He turned at the threshold of the shop and beckoned her after him with a jerk of the head.

"Come on, Piker," he laughed.

I was past them by that time and have no way of knowing what happened. In all likelihood she succumbed to the pressure, followed him in and stood by, while he and the kids had their soda.

It was all so plain and pitiful—she saving day after day, denying herself every little luxury, counting pennies to make his inadequate salary cover their manifold needs. She would have been the last one in the world to deny the babies, or him, a five-minute festival at a soda counter—but forty cents is a lot of money when you're skimping to buy the youngsters shoes.

Poor, tired, faded little "Piker." How many of them there are!

ODDITIES IN THE NEWS

From the *Boston Traveller*:

Wife's Endurance Lags

A worried looking farmer drove into a Nebraska town, tied his team and headed for the family doctor's office. Without preamble he began:

"Doc, the first time you're out our way I wish you'd stop and see my wife."

"Is she sick?" asked the man of pills and potions.

"Not exactly."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"Well, this morning she got up at the regular time, about 4 o'clock, milked the cows, got breakfast for the hands, done her housework, churned, and along about 10 o'clock she said she felt a little tired. I expect she needs a tonic, or something."

From *The World* (New York):

Bitten By Good Luck

BALTIMORE, May 2.—Drega Jones' hip pocket had suspicious bulges when a policeman arrested him early today. The policeman put an exploring hand into Jones' pocket. The bulge bit his finger.

"What is it?" asked the patrolman.

"That's Michaelo," said Jones.

"Who's Michaelo?"

"He's my good luck. I'm a cook. I work on the boats. I'm a Mexican."

At the Eastern Police District Station Jones exhibited Michaelo, a seven inch snapping turtle, acquired at Sarasota, Fla., five years ago and carried since then for good luck.

Jones was permitted to go, but the policeman is nursing his "good luck bite."

Psychologic Alarums

THAT EXPRESS THE ABNORMAL

By CHARLES R. MALOY

JEROME K. JEROWE hit a very characteristic human foible in one of his Essays written for the entertainment of the last generation. It described the effect of reading a medical work, or was it one of those apparently forgotten almanacks issued by the sarsaparilla concerns of another day? Be that as it may the author brought out the point that after the perusal he felt he was the victim of every disorder mentioned except "housemaid's knee," and was rather disappointed that he could not discover the symptoms of that affliction.

The field has shifted and now instead of the wise one exploiting the tendency to imaginary physical ills, the psychic ailments are receiving all the emphasis. Of course there has been progress and instead of merely apothecaries with the advertising instinct well developed, we have the intelligentsia with an alphabetic array of academic degrees.

It is well recognized that Dr. Sigmund Freud deserves the credit for this modern movement, through the work of Charcot, Janet, Prince and others, as delvers in the terrain, must be signalized by the impartial critic. The "New Psychology" has arrived with a bang and, unless one is to be left hopelessly in the muck, he must mount the wagon, grab the nearest drum and contribute to the general "ballyhoo."

To be in the procession it is not necessary to know anything of the general subject of psychology antecedent to the war, at least not if one is a citizen of the United States. In fact such knowledge is rather a handicap for it will give one an inclination to ask embarrassing questions. Should one happen to have read Saint Thomas Aquinas on Dreams (2-2, 95-6), and remember that he spoke as a man of his time, "and for this reason physicians say that attention should be paid to dreams for thus the interior dispositions (of the patient) may be known," the newness of one phase of the new psychology might receive a jolt.

To be an adept nothing more seems to be necessary than a glibness in the use of a few techical terms;

"sub-conscious", "complex", "eroticism", "abreaction", "homo-sexual", with its opposite "heterosexual", "libido," plus the shamelessness that renders one capable of lugging in sex-discussion on all occasions without batting an eye. This latter is particularly necessary for success at promiscuous gatherings where young women, from fifteen years up, are in the majority. We of the older generation are relegated to the back shelf of oblivion where we find ourselves disconsolately hugging the philosophy of Saint Paul about certain things not being "so much as mentioned amongst us."

Somehow we find ourselves in rebellion against the new psychology. To say nothing about our lack of ability to react to the sex-rot of Freud, Briall, Ferenczi, Tridon and the others of the group, we are leery of the whole movement no matter how Christian a semblance it may put on. All self-conscious action is bad. In the order of physical health it leads to hypocondria of overweening pride to either scrupulosity or spiritual ship-wreck. The burden of the holy message is a blithsome service proceeding from a child-like faith. "Unless you become as little children," "Our Father who art in Heaven;" "Rejoice again I say rejoice," and so on to the end of the chapter. Self-consciousness may be good Puritanism but it is not by any means good Catholicism. Any master of soul direction will agree with this philosophy as any physician knows that his poorest source of income is the man who never thinks of his health. Self-consciousness with its twin off-spring, self-pity and self-justification, should be kept as far as possible from the life of every human.

While perfectly willing with Bosuet, "to use the materials taken from the fortresses of the enemy to build our own defenses" we old-fashioned moralists shy off from the new psychology even under its Christian aspect because it is founded on the abnormal.

Antecedent to the inception of the new psychology the method was to study what was considered the normal in man. And having discovered his normal reactions the laws of thought and conduct were enunciated and the nature of the agent's make up was determined. This method is now branded as metaphysical and the moderns will have none of it. The process of the day is to study neurotics and that the field may be wide enough it is proved that most men are mad, that the sound mind is rarer than the healthy body.

Lest it appear that I exaggerate I quote a definition of psycho-neurosis and by the same author an enumeration of the classes of psycho-neurotics. The definition reads; "Psycho-Neurosis: Disorders of a purely mental (psychogenic) nature without anatomical basis; e. g. hysteria, obsession, neurasthenia proper." With this definition in mind let the anxious reader find himself among the following: "hitting lamp-posts, touching things, feeling an urge or impulse to step on every second or third flagstone; if near a fire, poking it or making it burn up (Pyromania), repeating a pet word or phrase, humming an air or whistling a tune, repeating a question just put or imitating a gesture, collecting stamps, curios, books, pins, odds and ends; fearing mice (and I presume cats and dogs), the spilling of salt, a falling picture, high places, narrow or confined spaces." If you are not one of these classes do not hasten to congratulate yourself for you are sure to be one who must clear your throat when the preacher commences his sermon, or stammer or sweat at every unexpected occurrence, or maybe you are shy or blush.

SHADES of departed romance! When the swain of heretofore stammered out his declaration of love to his blushing demoiselle, it was not the effect of the primal urge but the meeting of two neurotics in a mad play of their particular insanity. They would have us believe we are indebted to psycho-neurotic Popes for the Vatican Library and Art Collection; and for the Morgan

to a psycho-neurotic world financier; that St. Francis, Joan d'Arc, Napoleon were all psycho-neurotics. Has Boswell immortalized a lunatic, for Johnson touched posts as he passed. Let parents fend their offsprings from "Hop-Scotch" for it is the result of a psycho-neurotic urge.

IF PSYCHO-NEUROSIS be so wide spread, if the line which divides the normal from the abnormal in mental states be so thin, what becomes of moral responsibility? It is understood that for Freud and his followers there is no such thing as free will, consequently no morality. Judge Olsen of Chicago makes 83% of crime the result of lack of development of the lower cortices of the brain, though he appears to be the gentleman who is trying to put the noose round the neck of a criminal of a comparatively new type. A heroic undertaking for anyone in Chicago. True our Christian neopsychologists, especially our Catholic professors, differentiate and emphasize the free will element, but admitting their definitions of psycho-neurosis, their declaration as to the prevalence of the same, and particularly the sources from which they draw their inspirations. Take an instance the following from a Catholic monthly:

"The lower life of man always endeavors to escape from the control of reason and to elude the inhibitions and restraints placed upon it by the will. Of course this lower life has behind it tremendous energies and enormous resources. It is supported by the powerful life-urge manifest in all living beings. With a certain restlessness this mighty force sweeps on and pursues its end. The two energies most active in its service are the craving for food and the sex instinct."

If this extract be Christian and Catholic it means nothing more than what Saint Paul said infinitely better about "the law of the members lusting against the law of the spirit," we cannot tolerate "the life-urge manifest in all living beings," for it smacks of an exaggerated realism which the author would be quick to repudiate. It is dangerous to unify the life-urge for it is as individual as the sight-urge, the smell-urge, the taste-urge, while the emphasis on the sex instinct and the craving for food

is not justified, for their generalizations seem no improvement on the ancient self-preservation principle. While the traditional Catholic philosophy has an axiom; "*Entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate*," it also has one just as venerable; "*Actiones determinant esse*." The business of the apologist is to recognize both.

The task some of our Catholic authors assume is that of harmonizing the new psychology with the ascetic teaching of the Church. A laudable effort in itself but one not likely to succeed for the fundamental principles of each are worlds apart. What are its outstanding points? As we have studied it they are summed up as follows;—(1) It is founded on the abnormal; (2) It attempts to explain the phenomena of life in terms of the libido, the sex-urge; (3) It is essentially opposed to the Catholic solution of life's problems. When the new psychology reaches the point where it will constitute a real help for the moral health of her children the Church will speak her official mind. She cannot be expected to respond to every spasm of the spirit of the god "Ballyhoo." Publicity of the sex question has been the accompaniment of every heresy.

The most that can be truthfully said for it is: It has always helped to bring back the appreciation of the psychogenic cause of certain mental maladies, thus in a manner aiding in the recognition of the essential spirituality of the soul. The last generation was scientifically wedded to a materialistic conception of the universe. Students of psychology in many quarters were taught to believe that all mental aberrations were of physical origin. An old professor often told his class: "Tell me how the liver, the stomach, the intestinal tract, the kidneys are acting, then give me a history of the case and I will diagnose any condition that you will bring to me." This attitude was passing together with the other phases of materialistic philosophy. If Freud has helped to its passing let him have credit, but let us not fall into an even worse interpretation of the significance of life.

We hear a great deal about the modern complexity of life, but find small proof of it. We admit the physical side of life is more complicated in this day with automobiles, movies, radio, and the thousand and

one other contrivances which keep man from thinking and bluff him as amusing, but we do not admit that the thought life is more complex for the majority. Everyone will readily admit that the intellectual life of a people is mirrored in its fiction. Now what is the fiction in this complex age? A list of the best sellers recently compiled for the past ten years answers this question. At the head of the column of one hundred authors stand Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter, while Joseph Conrad is located somewhere in the seventh decade. Is the *genre* of these two most popular fictionists more complex than was that of Laura Jane Libby, Mary Jane Holmes, or Bertha M. Clay for the last generation?

And further, is the decalogue more difficult of interpretation for Christians of this age than it was for any other? Our custodians of Catholic morals, the hierarchy, have shown no due anxiety on this score, nor have they issued pastorals calling attention to epidemic of psycho-neurosis, nor have we heard from confessors of a striking increase of psycho-neurosis and obsessions. With the remarkable increase in the number of frequent Communions and the consequent increase in Confessions the confessors have had ample means of judging of the complexity of the present day moral life. Our people are of the world and in the world. They fall into the temptations of society and become victims of the crazes that effect it. Our girls bob their hair, paint their faces smoke cigarettes, and possibly some read psycho-analytic "bunk." But they recover when one fad replaces another. Some are wrecked as some have always been wrecked down the tide of time, for there were Magdalens even in the simple life of the nascent Church.

WE WOULD warn against the alarmist spirit that has seized upon our new psychologists. All self-consciousness is bad—physically, mentally or morally, and anything that tends to make a people self-conscious should be dammed with bell, book and candle. It will not tend to the well being of Catholics to adopt even in part the analytic procedure of Freud or even his Christianizers. Wise old Mother Church keeps her technical works wrapped in the intricacies of Scholastic Latin.

The Holy Tunic of Argenteuil

A MAJOR RELIC OF CHRIST'S PASSION

By FRANCIS WHITAKER, M.D.

IN THIS article we intend to prove the authenticity of the relic venerated at Argenteuil, near Paris, as the Seamless Tunic of Our Lord, to study its form, color and nature, and record the worship rendered to it from the immemorial. We are at once faced with two difficulties: the exact nature of the relic, and the rejection by sceptics of tradition as being incapable of demonstration by science. We will first deal with the tradition.

To reject tradition is to require from history a mathematical exactitude and, with such a proceeding, history becomes impossible, for it can never produce more than a moral certainty, being based on human testimony. No doubt, to be valid, tradition should rest on authentic facts and testimony. But to require uninterrupted and perfectly harmonious testimony, is to pass the limits of just criticism. Applying these principles to the object of our present study, we declare that in the case of the relic of Argenteuil, the tradition, though interrupted, is well worthy of belief.

Everyone knows that from the death of Christ to the peace established by Constantine, the Christians made no mention of their relics. There is no doubt that in the beginning they carefully collected everything that could preserve in their hearts the memorable deeds of which the Apostles had been witnesses, and that they venerated everything that had been consecrated by contact with their Divine Master, especially at the hour of the supreme sacrifice.

Then they were scattered, persecuted and martyred in great numbers. Treasures were hidden, and traces of them often lost for centuries. So it was natural that Argenteuil should see its famous relic disappear in the ninth century, when the Northmen spread devastation and ruin and Norman vessels appeared on the Seine.

Ruin and confusion existed for many years, then came oblivion until, in God's own time, in a new era of peace and security, holy riches were again discovered and received their

pristine veneration. They underwent careful examination at the hands of the ecclesiastical authorities, men of incontestable science and virtue, who applied the laws of the Church in the examination of these sacred relics and pronounced them to be authentic. In such conditions, the axiom of ecclesiastical law has its manifest application: ("Ancient relics ought to be treated with the honor they have always possessed.")

IN THE documentary evidence in favor of the authenticity of the relic of Argenteuil are many and great interruptions. The first authentic document appears in 1156, but after that date, the tradition is living and the testimony uninterrupted.

The convent of Argenteuil was founded about 660, was governed by the mother of King Robert, and in the following century the Prioress was the famous Heloise. At this epoch of prodigious intellectual activity, the relic of Argenteuil was again restored to public veneration. The account of the ceremony is recorded in a document, still preserved, called the Charter of Hugo.

It is written by Archbishop Hugo of Rouen, a Benedictine monk of Cluny, who was formerly Prior of Reading Abbey and also of St. Pancras Abbey, London. He was an intimate friend of St. Bernard, was distinguished for his piety and zeal in the service of the Pope, and passed to his reward in 1164. In the Charter he gives the names of his assistants at the ceremony, ten bishops and ten abbots, and then states that in their presence and in that of the King of France, he has exposed for public veneration: "The Cape of the Boy, Lord Jesus": (*Cappam Pueri Domini Jesu*) which had been deposited in the said church of Argenteuil, with suitable honors, from ancient times. He speaks of the relic as: "This garment with which Wisdom, made Man, deigned to clothe Himself"; and grants numerous indulgences to those who come to the church to demand mercy for their

sins from the Almighty. The date is 1156.

Because Archbishop Hugo describes the relic as "*Cappa Pueri Jesu*," some modern authors have considered that the church of Argenteuil possessed only a little mantle of the Child Jesus. But it is absolutely certain that the relic venerated by Hugo of Rouen and the relic venerated at Argenteuil are identical, and when the garment is spread out, any one can see that it is a tunic and not a little mantle. Besides, Hugo was not making an official report of the nature of the garment, which he names indifferently "cape," "tunic," "garment," but publishing a list of indulgences. According to Du Cange, the word "cappa" in the latinity of the Middle Ages, often signified a long and narrow garment, which exactly describes the relic of Argenteuil.

If we now consider the solemnity of this publication, the presence of Louis VII and his Court, the large number of bishops and abbots, and above all, of Hugo of Rouen himself, we cannot doubt that an authentic garment of Our Lord was produced from the place where it had been concealed; that, in the centuries past it had been honored; and that, on this occasion, there was official recognition and solemn display of the precious relic.

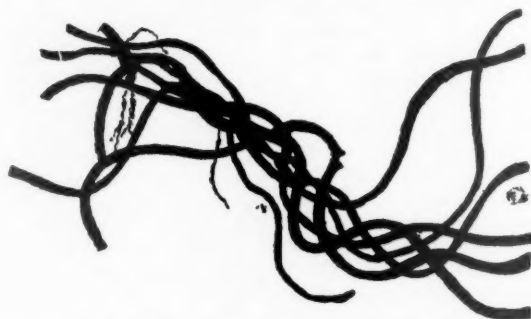
We find various references to this event in the writing of historians of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, such as Robert, Abbot of Mont St. Michel; Ralph, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; Roger of Wendover, of St. Alban's; Bartholomew Cotton of Norwich. In the fourteenth century we find it mentioned by Matthew of Westminster and also in the chronicles of Froissart.

WE NOW direct attention to the Relic of Argenteuil before the Charter or, rather, the Notice, of Hugo in 1156. How did the relic reach the humble monastery of Argenteuil? Most of the traces found in history of this subject, taken singly, cannot furnish a decisive argument, but, taken together, they can.

All the chronicles tell us that docu-



THE TISSUE SEEN THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS



THE FIBRES OF A THREAD. ENLARGED 500 DIAMETERS.

ments were found with the relic, establishing its origin. "*Cappa salvatoris in monasterio argentoilo reperta est, inconsutilis et subrufi coloris, quam sicut litterae cum ea repertae indicabant, gloriosa mater illius fecit ei.*" (Tunic of the Savior found in the monastery of Argenteuil is seamless and of a reddish color and, as the writings found with it indicate, was made by His glorious mother.) So writes the intimate friend of Archbishop Hugo, Robert of Mont St. Michel.

What did these documents contain? They have disappeared. At what epoch precisely? It is not known. Dom Gerberon, Prior of Argenteuil in 1676, in his history of the Seamless Robe, mentions two documents preserved there, one in Latin and the other in French. The parchments and the writings were very old.

THE Latin document stated that the *tunica inconsutilis* (the seamless tunic) arrived at Argenteuil and was placed in the church at one o'clock in the afternoon, in memory of which a bell is always rung there at that hour. On this parchment were three seals, each with the word: *episcopus* (bishop).

The other document was written in very old French and stated that Constantine, son of the empress Irena, made a present of the Holy Robe to Charlemagne, who had it carried to Argenteuil with much solemnity, and was himself present with ten or twelve bishops; that it arrived at one o'clock in the afternoon, in recognition of which three strokes of a bell were sounded every day at that hour; and, finally, that Charlemagne gave it to Theorade, his daughter, who was then a nun in the Abbey of Argenteuil. This account by Prior Gerberon is not, strictly speaking, an official document, but it is in concordance with the affirmation of all the historians that letters were found with the relic, and also with the custom, dating from time immemorial, and still in vigor today, of tolling the bell at one o'clock.

From the invasion of the Normans to 1156, no mention is made of the relic. Argenteuil, like the other monasteries, saw its nuns scattered before the frightful tempest, after placing their treasures in security.

At this epoch, Charles the Bald, then emperor, gave his daughter in marriage to Ethelwulf, King of the Anglo-Saxons, and presents were ex-

changed between the two monarchs. Two centuries later, in 1066, St. Edward the Confessor founded the Abbey of Westminster, and we find a charter enumerating the goods which he conferred on the new monastery. He states that among them are relics received by King Alfred, son of Ethelwulf, from Pope Martin and Pope Leo and also from Charles the Bald, and which were transmitted to him by succession. These are a piece of the Seamless Tunic, a part of a Sacred Nail, two portions of the True Cross, and some others. The first mentioned evidently came from Charles the Bald, who took it naturally from the monastery of Argenteuil at the gate of Paris. The time is short from Charles the Bald (840-877) to his grandfather, Charlemagne (768-818).

The historical vestiges which we have just noticed are sufficient to justify the affirmation of the Charter of Hugo that this relic was preserved with honor from ancient times. The illustrious Benedictine, Dom Ruinart, states concisely the old tradition: "The Seamless Robe was brought to Gaul in the time of Charlemagne and placed in the monastery of Argenteuil, where Giselda, his sister, and Theodrade, his daughter, were nuns."

NO TRADITION is better founded than this.

The authentic Notice of Hugo mentions the honors with which the Holy Robe was surrounded for many centuries. We find it mentioned again in the reign of Charles the Bald. Tradition states that it was presented by Charlemagne, and, until the Revolution, the ivory coffer in which he received it from the Empress Irena was shown at Argenteuil. The ancient prose in the Mass of the Holy Robe in the dioceses of Paris and Chartres, the prayers in gratitude for the imperial gift in the old martyrology of the monastery, the ancient custom of tolling the bell at the unusual hour, all are in perfect harmony in attesting that the Robe was brought to Argenteuil by Charlemagne.

When did it come into the possession of Charlemagne?

Many writers consider that he received it in 798 at Aix-la-Chapelle, from the Byzantine ambassadors sent from Constantinople by the Empress Irena. There is a vast space in the history of the relic from the death of Christ to the days of Charlemagne,

and no written testimony can fill the gap. There, the relic of Argenteuil shares the fate of most of the other relics of the Passion, and this silence is explained by the religious persecutions of the first three centuries and the religious customs of succeeding ones.

St. Gregory of Tours, the first historian of France (539-593) tells us that he has heard that the Holy Robe is preserved in the basilica of Galatha, near Constantinople, and goes on to say: "It is preserved in the crypt in a wooden coffer, which is the object of profound veneration, and rightly so, for it contains the garment which merited to touch and veil the body of the Savior."

Fredegaire, who wrote in the first half of the seventh century, says that the Tunic of Our Lord, for which the soldiers cast lots, was transported to Jaffa to be sheltered from the attacks of the king of Persia, marching on Armenia and Asia Minor in 590. In 594, this Robe was solemnly transported to Jerusalem by the bishops of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Constantinople, accompanied by a great crowd of the faithful. In 614, Chosroes took it and carried it to Persia. It was retaken by Heraclius in 627, who carried it to Constantinople, then to Jerusalem, and again to Constantinople when new enemies threatened the feeble empire of Byzance. In 798, it was given to Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle by the ambassadors of the Byzantine empress, Irena, and he presented it to his daughter at Argenteuil. When this garment was given to Charlemagne, he probably received with it the guarantees of its authenticity, for, though anxious to possess relics, he was not easily deceived.

Hidden during the first centuries of Christianity, discovered at the end of the sixth century, transported to Jerusalem and then to Constantinople, given to Charlemagne and by him to Argenteuil, such, according to all probability, is the history of the garment mentioned in the Charter of Hugo in 1156. After that date we are in the realm of historical certainty.

ARGENTEUIL, unlike Treves, only became a town in the nineteenth century, which explains why great crowds of pilgrims never came to venerate the relic. But pilgrims always came. St. Louis visited the village in 1255 and 1260, and many

bishops followed his example in the thirteenth century, as we find from the archives of the monastery. In the archives of Seine-et-Oise, in 1486, the Prior orders a lamp to be kept burning before the Holy Robe, and the same archives mention several solemn processions, in which the "Robe of God," as it was called, was borne to several places in the district. Francis I and his children took part in one of these processions in Paris in 1554. Salmeron, one of the brilliant theologians of the Council of Trent, tells of the miracles obtained while pilgrims venerated the Tunic of Argenteuil.

But days of darkness were approaching. The fury of the Huguenots against the Catholic Church plunged France into civil war, marvels of sculpture and architecture were destroyed, and sacred relics were profaned or burnt or thrown into the rivers.

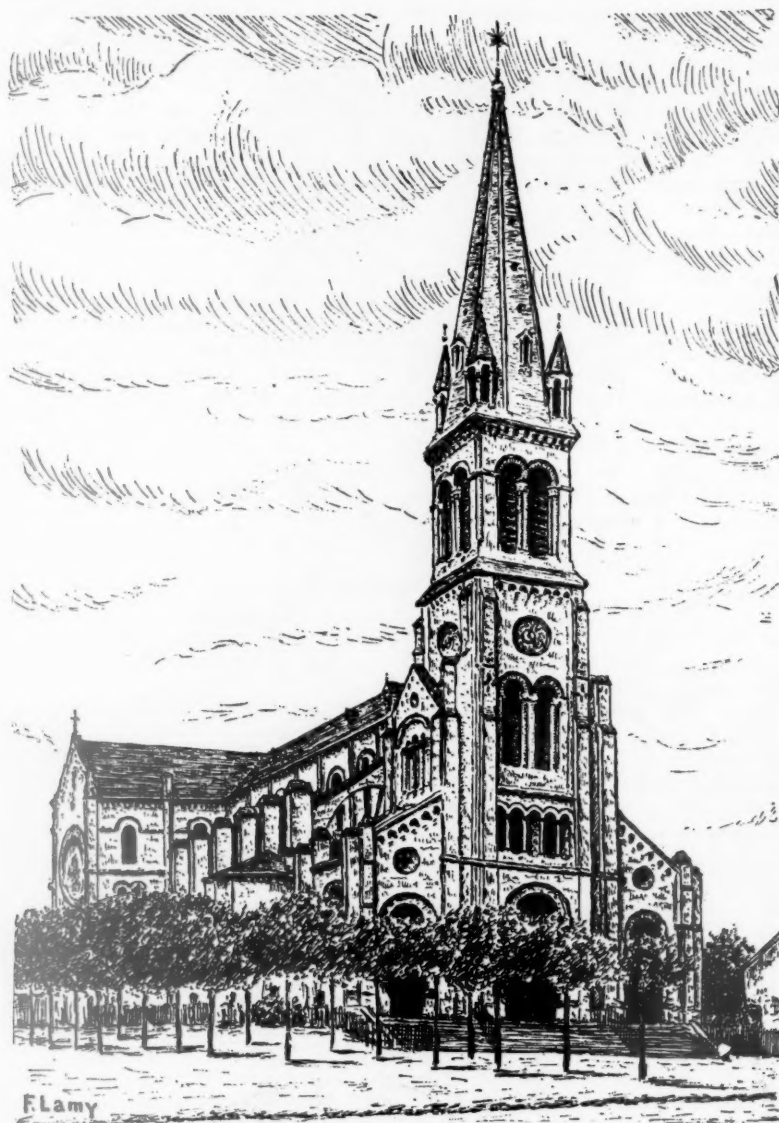
In October, 1567, they partly burned and ruined the monastery and church of Argenteuil and murdered the parish priest, but the Seamless Tunic was carefully hidden and escaped their sacrilegious hands. When time had partly repaired these cruel disasters, Henry II visited Argenteuil to pray before the sacred relic and aid in the construction of

the church of the monastery. Louis XIII venerated the Holy Robe on three occasions; also Queen Mary de Médicis, Cardinal Richelieu and Queen Anne of Austria. In 1646, the Benedictine Fathers of the Congregation of St. Maur were given possession of the monastery, and with them the history of the relic entered on a new phase. Tradition was studied; its supporting testimony was amassed with respect and sincerity; successive inquiries were held, not only to establish the identity and authenticity of the relic, but also to record the numerous miracles accorded by Heaven. A confraternity under the name of the Seamless Tunic was established and enriched with numerous indulgences by the Sovereign Pontiffs from Paul V in 1613 to Pius IX. In 1680, the Duchess of Guise replaced the modest reliquary in which the relic was preserved by a magnificent shrine of gilt enamel, enriched with precious stones, and received in return a tiny portion of the Sacred Robe.

WE NOW come to the period of the Revolution. What the former religious wars had spared, disappeared in this new tempest. Churches profaned or destroyed relics burnt or scattered, carvings broken to pieces,



THE HOLY ROBE AS RECONSTRUCTED



THE CHURCH OF ARGENTEUIL

reliquaries of precious metals melted down, charters and titles burnt, monasteries devastated—ruins everywhere! On November 10, 1793, the Convention published a decree abolishing Catholic worship; the silver plate and all such objects of value were to be delivered up to the local authorities. The monks of Argenteuil were dispersed and the monastery despoiled, but not before the Seamless Robe had been transferred to the parish church. The parish priest, M. Ozet, a good but feeble man, thoroughly understood his perilous position and knew that

the Revolutionaries sought to destroy the precious relic entrusted to his care. Driven to desperation, he divided the Holy Tunic into several pieces, some of which he distributed among his faithful friends and the rest he buried in his garden. This was a most lamentable proceeding. It was the dividing of the garment that the executioners at Calvary had left intact. Soon afterwards he was arrested, lodged in the castle of St. Germain and kept there until 1795.

Just before his arrest he wrote on the back of an ancient charter: "The eighteenth of November, 1793, I, the

undersigned priest of the parish church of Argenteuil, removed the Robe of Our Lord from the enamelled reliquary in which it was enclosed, in accordance with the wish of the inhabitants, who brought all the plate of the parish to the National Convention. Ozet, parish priest of Argenteuil." Two years afterwards, on his release from prison, he wrote on the back of the same charter: "The year of Our Lord Jesus Christ, 1795, the day of the Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the above mentioned relic was extracted from the place where it had been concealed, to be deposited in this little tomb. Ozet, parish priest of Argenteuil." The little tomb was a modest wooden reliquary.

In 1804, the Papal Legate in France, Cardinal Caprara, as the result of a petition, commissioned the Bishop of Versailles to hold an inquiry as to the authenticity of the relic preserved. When the oak-wood reliquary was opened, there was found on a crimson cushion: "A considerable portion of a garment in woolen cloth, dark red, almost violet, and three parchment documents." These documents were the Charter of Hugo and accounts, in Latin and French, of the translation of the relic in 1680.

After a long inquiry and the examination of many witnesses, the authenticity of the relic was recognized; it was again exposed to public veneration and carried each year in triumphal procession through the streets of the town. Several of the fragments dispersed by the Revolution were recovered, and in 1814, the sacred relic was again enshrined in a magnificent reliquary of gilded bronze. In 1865, the old and half ruined church of Argenteuil was replaced by the noble sanctuary which serves today as a fitting reliquary to the Seamless Tunic of the Savior.

WE WILL now make an objective study of this holy relic. Is it really the Seamless Tunic which Our Redeemer wore to Calvary, which must have been stained by His blood, and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots?

The dress of the Hebrews consisted of a mantle, a tunic fastened by a girdle, a kind of shirt or inner tunic, and a pair of drawers. Sometimes the wide outer tunic was richly decorated, but the inner one was simple and narrow, descended to the

knees, and the sleeves covered only half the arms.

Our Lord evidently followed the custom of His country. He had probably more than one tunic, for at the Last Supper, when about to wash the feet of His Apostles. "He took off His garments" which He certainly would not have done if He had only one tunic on His sacred body. Consequently, Our Lord, during His mortal life, wore, like his contemporaries, an inner tunic, an outer tunic and a mantle.

THE relic of Argenteuil is not a mantle; it is not a wide outer tunic of delicate tissue, like the Robe of Treves; it is a simple and narrow tunic, and, as its dimensions show, the inner one which covered the body of Christ.

The inquiry made in 1882 by the Bishop of Versailles furnishes us with the following details: "We have found that the Holy Tunic is no longer entire, but there remain important fragments divided in four pieces, of which we give a summary description and approximate measures. The largest piece, a meter and twenty-two centimeters in height and a meter in width, presents at its summit the form of the neck and the sloping of the sleeves, and is pierced with five holes. The three other fragments measure, the first, sixty-two centimeters by forty-three; the second, thirty-six centimeters by twenty-two; the third, forty-two centimeters by fourteen."

In March, 1892, another examination by the Bishop of Versailles was made to study its condition and the possibility of a solemn exposition. The report declares: "Although the Holy Relic has an uninterrupted consistence, it would be dangerous, considering its fragility, to expose it unsupported by some kind of cloth. We have found no trace of sewing, the wool is constant and unique; this absence of stitching in the Holy Tunic is visible to every one."

What could be clearer?

The dimensions of the relic, less than those of the Robe of Treves, indicate an inner garment. When it was entire, its height was a meter and forty-five centimeters, as is stated in the inquiry made by the Benedictine Fathers in 1647, in which the neck and sleeves were also described.

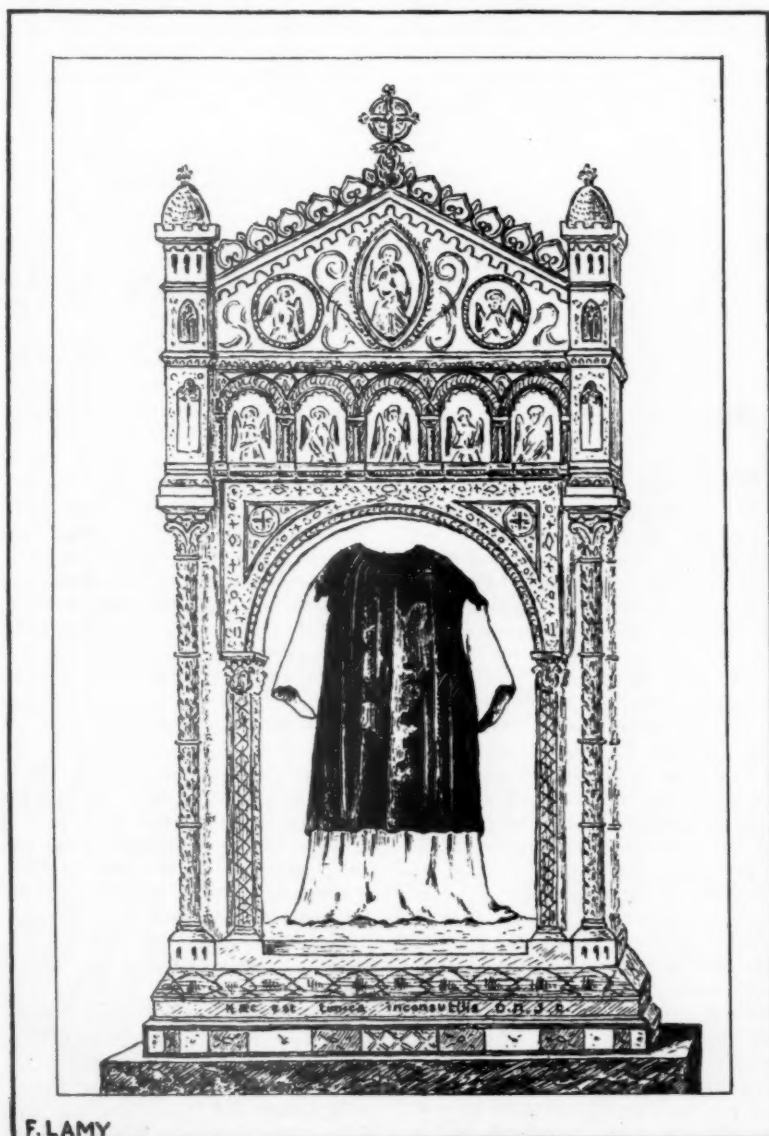
Its actual length is only a meter and twenty-two centimeters, but the

missing part was torn off and lost at the Revolution. And there is no trace of sewing; it is a seamless tunic. In April, 1892, the relic was fixed onto a cloth of very fine texture and almost the same color as the Robe itself, but, to avoid confusion, of an entirely different tissue, and was thus prepared for the veneration of the faithful and protected against all future damage. The pieces, when put together, formed the upper part of the holy garment; the shoulders and the upper part of the sleeves, a portion of the front and a considerable portion of the back.

We will now consider the color and

tissue of the Tunic. The authors in the Middle Ages described the color as a kind of red. This was the color of the garments of the prophets, according to Dom Calmet, and indicated penitence and mourning. Specimens of the tissue were submitted in 1893 to the Directors of Dyeing at the National Manufactories of Tapestry at Paris and Beauvais. Space forbids us to give their report in full, so we must content ourselves with a summary of their investigations.

"The warp and wool are exactly of the same size and nature. The weaving was done on a very primitive weaving machine, but, nevertheless,



THE HOLY ROBE IN ITS RELIQUARY

the work is very regular. The raw material is fine wool, spun to the same size as the wools employed at the National Manufactory of Beauvais. The color is reddish brown, but we cannot ascertain the nature of the coloring matter." They also decided that the tissue, in raw material and fabrication, was identical with the ancient Coptic tissues found in the Christian tombs of the second and third centuries of the Christian era.

In the examinations made by the Bishops of Versailles in 1882 and 1892, it was noted that the largest piece of the Robe was stained with reddish marks resembling blood-stains. In 1892, the Bishop commissioned two distinguished analytical chemists in Paris to make an examination of these stains. After pro-

longed researches they decided that the stains were due to blood.

THESE are the conclusions we draw from the expert examinations.

1. The identity of the tissue of the Holy Tunic with the ancient Coptic tissues show that the relic, by its fabrication, dates from the epoch in which Our Redeemer lived.

2. The tissue is of animal matter (the tissue of the Robe of Treves is of vegetable matter). The warp and woof are made of the same raw material, conformable to the Jewish Law, which forbade a mixture of flax and wool in the same tissue.

3. The Tunic was made on a very simple weaving machine, following the custom of Oriental races, and made of wool, the clothing of the poor.

4. The Tunic is reddish brown in color and stained with blood.

We may now ask why did the Roman soldiers cast lots for the Tunic? It was such a fragile network that once the tissue was torn it would unravel completely, mesh by mesh; such poor stuff, that it should be possessed entire to be of any value whatever. This is the opinion of Baronius, Suarez and Pope Benedict XIV.

In conclusion, we consider that this objective study of the Relic of Argenteuil clearly shows that it was the inner Tunic of Our Lord; and its aspect in the splendid reliquary where all may see it now, is a striking testimony in its favor; lamentably rent by its own guardian, formed of poor and delicate tissue, stained by the blood of the Divine Redeemer.



Struzzieri Gives a Dinner

IN THE CORSICA OF 1755

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

THE window was open in the Bishop's reception room, and through it, across the intervening descent of walls, roofs and gardens, a wide view could be obtained of the quiet sea, lying in its pale blue peace of morning. The room was an old-fashioned one and simply furnished, somewhat square in shape with a raftered ceiling, striped paper upon the walls, a clock upon the mantel, two or three religious prints in mahogany frames, and a silhouette portrait in profile of the reigning Pontiff Clement XIII.

The Bishop himself was of stately presence—tall and courtly of manner, his white hair and fine dark eyes contributing to the distinction of his appearance. He wore the usual violet silk skull-cap, and upon his breast lay a pectoral cross of gold and emeralds; for the rest he had preserved the full Passionist habit just as he had received it from him who had donned it first. Monsignore Struzzieri was noted for the brightness and serenity of his expression, and even now his face was scarcely clouded, but his equanimity, at least at present, was more due to virtue than to natural calmness.

"I had hoped so much," he was saying, "that the earnest efforts of Monsignore De Angelis would have served to pacify the island."

His interlocutor, a prominent ecclesiastic of the city, wondered if the Bishop, who was not native born, could ever really understand.

"His lordship did much good," he answered, "and an Apostolic Visitor just at that moment was a Godsend to us. You may remember, Eccellenza, that Paoli petitioned the Holy See to appoint one, and we had the honor of receiving you with him at the same time as theologian; and you may remember too that the Republic of Genoa asked for the head of the Apostolic Visitor, and His Holiness protested officially to that government for attempting to touch his appointee."

"I remember well, Signor Abbate. They were anxious days. And Paoli generously refused to surrender the representative of our lord the Pope."

"Courage and honor are our only riches, Monsignore. We hold hard by them."

"They are virtues, and a glory. But this fresh tangle, I am not quite sure that I understand. Doctor Paoli, to further free the island from Genoa, started a mint coning an independent Corsican currency."

"He did, Your Excellency. And Genoa, who had founded Ajaccio in 1490 and ruled it ever since, sometimes with a rod, finding us now too strong to be coerced, called in France to help force us to abject submission."

"France might have some interest, owing to your geographic position, to obtain a footing in the island. Especially for the sake of her navy." "Many have coveted our little bit of land, Monsignore. What we want we who are native born, is a Corsica of our own—free, untrammelled, not under any alien heel; not French, not Genoese, just our own Corsica."

"And who would blame you? Yet, sometimes, Signor Abbate, even just causes are in need of a protector. Are you strong enough, such as the island is, and with your actual resources, to stand alone?"

"That is the question, Eccellenza. Many of us are willing to die; and not a few of us realize, with despair,

that we must compromise. We have no army, we have no navy, and we are poor. A foreign battleship opposite our harbor over there could end our history. But the real crux of our situation, the unsolvable problem, is that we cannot agree among ourselves. That is our supreme tragedy."

"But patriots as you all are, and disinterested in the love of your country, you should be able to agree upon what would be best for Corsica."

"Do you think so, my Lord? And yet that is just where we split most hopelessly. Some will accept no middle way, but must have the land absolutely and unconditionally independent; some would prefer to hark back to Genoa inasmuch as she gave us our original institutions and our best blood; others have finished with Genoa, and, understanding our weakness, would desire to treat with France. And, instead of trying to unite, we fight like cats and dogs—more shame to us; we cannot agree. The meanest enemy could make short work of our country now. Paoli is the only hope: the people have confidence in him. I am not sure that he is acting for the best and even friends have turned against him, but he is perhaps the only one of us who has genuine political sagacity; he is making advances to France, treating with her directly in friendliness, over and above the head of Genoa who had invoked the help of France to punish us. I do not know what will be the outcome. And our best men are at enmity one against the other."

"Now I wish we could unite them, for the good of the country and still more for the good of their own souls! Religion, here again, as in so many cases of human discord is the only power that could bring peace."

"Even that is under suspicion just now. That matter of the Bishop in the South, who sustained Genoa, Your Excellency will remember, when Monsignore De Angelis was sent; many ignorant persons clamored that the southerner was betraying them, and their fury was turned against the Church."

"Another lesson to the clergy to keep out of politics, though the accusation was in all probability unjust. The more I see of the state of human society, the more I realize the truth of a word which I have of-

ten heard from the lips of our beloved Father Paul, the founder of our little company: the one paramount, everlasting fact in which all men might have salvation and which all men have forgotten, is the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

"We always preach it during Lent, Eccellenza; or at least in Holy Week."

"All these unfortunate people who are at variance, and who are carried far apart and to extremes by their political differences, and we ourselves, Signor Abbate, would be changed men if we carried the remembrance of Christ's sufferings and death constantly in our hearts."

"Your Excellency speaks as a Passionist. 'Tis just, too."

"Perhaps if we could arrange to have a mission presently it might do great good. Some of your gentlemen here appear to have a slight taint of Voltairianism?"

"One of the influences of France, Monsignore; but I should say rather that they are worldly and indifferent. They have the Faith, down at the bottom of their souls."

"By the way, I received a visit of ceremony yesterday from the Marchese di Solenzaro. I was surprised, as one never sees him in church. He appears to be an ardent patriot."

"He is indeed; and rabid for the independence of Corsica, although his name stands in the Golden Book of the aristocracy of Genoa, since 1500. He used to be a friend of Paoli's and now is his bitterest enemy. But in the first rising some years ago, he raised troops, and they lived for months in the bush together. He was wounded twice and nearly died. There is no doubt about his courage and disinterestedness. Unfortunately, religion is a dead letter to him."

"I wonder why he took the trouble to call upon me."

"Perhaps to interest your Lordship in his plans. Perhaps, if I may be forgiven for saying it, because he has quick sympathies and has been heard to declare in public that Monsignor Struzziere is 'the most charming Bishop we have ever had.'"

"I accept the compliment," the Bishop rose laughing, "and shall endeavor, like St. Paul, to be all things to all men. Meanwhile, Signor Abbate, help me to think what we can do to bring all these warring elements into harmony, that they may be brought to God. That is the true end."

But as the days passed, the new Bishop realized more and more that his assistance must come from Heaven alone. There was continual quarrelling and altercations on the promenade, in the clubs and coffee houses. The leaders of public opinion lived with their hands upon the hilt of their swords. And, for the most part, those who should have been friends and fellow-workers no longer spoke to one another.

IT WAS not easy to discourage Monsignore Struzziere, but he found his efforts paralyzed, and the dumb, deep enmities around him, not directed toward him, nevertheless kept a glacial circle around the episcopal dwelling. It was impossible to obtain any concerted action of the laity in religious matters and, in fact, they were so profoundly disunited that they were incapable of taking any interest in the things of God. The Bishop's attendants observed that he spent an unusual amount of time in the chapel praying, and his man servant reported once, in a tone overwhelmed with awe, that Monsignore had not been to bed at all but had passed the entire night on his knees, before the Blessed Sacrament. That was after Paoli and Solenzaro, the two most prominent men in the city, had had a fierce argument and insulted one another upon the public square.

In the morning the Bishop sent for his cook. He had made up his mind that the only way to win these arrogant and warring spirits was by the way of social intercourse, if the thing could be done. But he relied upon the deep-rooted, old-fashioned breeding, a part of their very nature, which would induce the most turbulent to contain their passions upon occasions; and he relied, too, upon the reverence which he had ever seen the most savage, in a land of faith, manifest toward the majesty and authority of the pontifical purple. The cook came in fear and trepidation, white cap in hand. He feared that he had burnt the soup. Nevertheless he inquired with the greatest interest after his Lordship's health.

"And the cooking, Eccellenza, is it to your taste? Our island beans are small, and the cod is not so good this season."

"Everything is very good, Brod-etto. You treat me too well: that is my only complaint."

"Ah, Eccellenza, if you would only

leave me free! Such creams as I could make, such roasts upon the spit! And such desserts! But between your Lordship's abstinence, and economy for the sake of the poor, a chef has no chance. Indeed, I say it with regret, but were it not that I am old and rheumatic, I could never consent to cater to an episcopal table."

"I quite see your point. But I am a religious, you know, as well as a Bishop and I must observe my rule, which prescribes Lenten fare. Of course it is a trial for you. But you will have a grand chance now to display your skill for I am going to give a dinner."

THE man's eyes went wide in terror.

"A Lenten fare dinner, my Lord?"

"No, no, a real dinner with courses. Nothing extravagant, to be sure, but whatever you serve is to be of the best. The principal gentlemen of the town will be here, and we must treat them well. You can prepare a menu and let me see it tomorrow morning. By the way, have we got silver?"

"A few old forks and spoons, Eccellenza, belonging to the mensa. But I dare say I can borrow."

"You and Arcangelo arrange that between you. I leave all the details to your care. Only remember I am anxious that the dinner should be a real success and I trust to you two for it."

The Bishop obtained a still clearer view of the difficulty of the situation when he began to dictate the invitations to the young priest who acted as his secretary. He observed that the color ebbed little by little out of the scribe's face. Then drops of sweat gathered upon his brow. The kindly prelate paused in his dictation.

"Are you tired, Signor Abbate, or feeling unwell, perhaps?" . . .

"No, Eccellenza, I thank you. It is nothing." But his perturbation was so evident, the Bishop hesitated to resume his dictation. The young man was mopping his forehead.

"Can my man get you something?"

"Nothing Eccellenza, I think you. I beg your Lordship's pardon. I am really ashamed."

The Bishop turned to his notes, and his clear, sonorous voice rang out again; but only for a few minutes. The secretary laid down his quill, with an air of despair, and

Struzzieri saw that he was trembling all over.

"Monsignore, forgive me, forgive my presumption, for I revere you as I do my own father; but perhaps Your Excellency does not know that these men are sworn enemies. Your Lordship might have some unfortunate occurrence at your own table. It would be too dreadful."

"My son, I think I understand: and I am willing to try. These are souls that must be won for Christ, and we must approach them by such ways as are open to us. Perhaps you are inclined to be a little too much afraid."

"But the results will be disastrous, Monsignore, disastrous! Besides the political differences there are family feuds. Between these two noblemen, for instance, there is some old, longstanding trouble of a very delicate nature. I don't know exactly what it is; only there are rumors."

"What I have found, Signor Abbate, is that sometimes if enemies can be brought together and made to understand one another better, after the first shock of contact, they decide that they do not hate one another so much. The French proverb has a lot of truth in it: *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. (To know all is to forgive all.)"

"In Corsica, my Lord, nobody forgives."

"They would be happier if they did. And if we are Christians we must obey the Gospel here as elsewhere. Does it seem to you that any land or people can claim exemption from the law of God?"

But for a few moments the Bishop wondered if it were indeed prudence to pull down Ossa and Pelion about his ears in this way. Then he made the Sign of the Cross, lifting his clear and courageous eyes to heaven. "Our only help is in God," he exhorted himself. That was enough for the rest he knew he stood alone.

When he entered the dining-room for a moment, the evening of the banquet, before passing into the reception room, he was amazed at the ingenuity and good taste his servants had displayed. There was no luxury as he had desired, but everything was immaculately clean and bright, and they had used native fruits of warm, brilliant color for decoration, mingled with rock-ferns, as well as groups of wax candles artfully arranged. Some old silver, of antique pattern, completed the effect.

The Bishop heaved a sigh of relief. That part of the program at least was perfect.

He went and stood upon the hearth-rug to receive his guests, and punctually at the appointed hour they began to arrive, one distinguished name after the other being called aloud from the door. Tall in the splendor of violet silk donned for the occasion, Monsignore Struzzieri received each new arrival with that grace and charm of manner for which he was renowned, and there was not a man present who did not feel that he was favored and honored by being invited to the prelate's table and company.

Some were surprised that so tactful a person should have brought together elements that were certainly not congenial, yet the atmosphere of courtesy and urbanity was so unmistakable that no gentleman would wish to be so much a boon as to trouble it and to appear disrespectful to the Bishop's presence. As the room began to fill, and little groups of friends formed, there was a hubbub of animated conversation on all sides, and even enemies bowed to one another, distantly perhaps, yet with a distinct consciousness that this was neither the place nor the time to air their grievances. Tomorrow they might cut one another dead upon the street, but tonight they must forbear for the sake of good breeding.

ONLY occasionally, in some corner, a murmur of protest was heard. "What can he have been thinking of? Does not he know that we are all at daggers drawn?"

The old Duke of Revellata, white-haired and red in the face was fuming! "Absolutely unpardonable, I call it! There is that Solenzaro! I felt in my bones that he would be here. No, this is really too much."

The Marchese de Solenzaro was bending low before the Bishop. His portrait, which may still be seen in the old palace, has preserved the imperious dark-eyed face, so strong in its resoluteness, so alive even in its presentment in color. He wears a coat of garnet-hued velvet, and lace at the breast and wrists. His hair, curiously enough, rises in a dark wave above the forehead and is secured at the nape with a ribbon, (a custom which obtained in the English colonies of far America), instead of the powdered perruque of the court of France. As he stands in

his picture, so he stood that night.

Withdrawing to a quiet corner, after his obeisance, Solenzaro unwittingly found himself standing beside the old Duke. He hesitated a moment, then bowed respectfully. Revellata glared, unbending. The eyes of the younger man measured the glance as a sword measures a sword, then he said gravely:

"I wish Your Grace a good evening."

"To the devil with the evening, and do not dare to speak to me, Sir!"

Solenzaro made a deprecating gesture, but he was in full command of himself. "As Your Grace wishes! But seeing that this good kind man has brought us all into the ark indiscriminately together, and that for two hours we have to endure one another's company, I thought that we might at least discuss the weather. Especially as we both happen to be of the old Genoese stock that made this island, which not all here can boast."

HE HAD whispered the last words, and surprise and curiosity induced the Duke to turn his head.

"But I understand you are a ferocious patriot and that you have repudiated Genoa?"

"I have not repudiated my ancestry; and it is the very blood in me, taught by Genoa for generations to love freedom, that has revolted. I am a Corsican and nothing else now."

"You have a long scar on your forehead; I did not know about that. I did hear you were wounded. You were in the bush with troops you raised yourself?"

"Band of heroes! Without uniforms, often without shoes; armed, heaven knows how, and always short of munitions; many times short of bread. But with a great, luminous dream of a country that would be free and beholden to no man. Ruinous days and the best of my life."

He spoke tumultuously, with an emotion that almost overwhelmed him, though he held it in strong control.

"I am glad you spoke to me," the older man said gently. "I did not half understand. Though for a while, indeed, your name was upon all lips, so that I half wished . . ."

"To join us?"

"No, but that something else had been different."

"You were very hard on me once, my lord Duke."

"Hard! When the honor of my

house was seriously threatened?"

"I was a boy of twenty, with no more thought of evil than a babe, and the moonlight had gone to my head."

"Yet you dared to break into my garden at night."

"It was totally unpremeditated. I was passing down the street. Cecilia was in the balcony in a white dress, and I had been in love with her for two years. I called to her and she was too shy even to answer me. I never so much as touched her hand. Somebody must have seen me. There was a great to do. My own mother, who was a saint, rebuked me most severely, and insisted that my uncle, as head of our house, should go formally and ask the lady's hand for me in marriage. I should have been only too happy; but Your Grace may remember my uncle was refused, even insultingly."

"I hope not insultingly, no affront was intended to your house. But you, I had no idea what kind of man you were to turn out! And my daughter's name was not to be trifled with. I tell you frankly the day I heard you had driven the enemy back to the sea, I wished you had been my own son."

"I thank Your Grace. Donna Cecilia and I both paid high for my escapade in the old days; but it is so long ago it is best to forget."

"It is surely best."

"Some wounds would never heal, save by forgetting them. And life is too short to spend it all wrangling and quarrelling with our fellow-men . . . I believe they are calling us, Sir. His Lordship beckons you . . ."

"Ah, dinner no doubt . . . I must see you again, Solenzaro," don't forget that."

It had been a problem to place them all, so that their laws of precedence and their jealous punctiliousness should not be offended; but Monsignore Struzziere was equal to the task, and again he had succeeded in satisfying them. Doctor Paoli,* who was at the head of the government, was necessarily at his right; a man of no great presence and of plain features wearing a modest coat of black cloth. The Duke of Revellata, eighty years old and chief of the island aristocracy at his left. But

*Pasquale Paoli. He had shared his father's exile when he was a child and rose to power after his return to Corsica.

the rest had been arranged so well that no guest found himself beside any other whom he hated and yet the order of rank was maintained.

The Bishop was an ideal host, and from his graciously smiling countenance radiated a light and a warmth that could only be compared to the beneficent comforting action of the sun. The conversation was general and animated, touching upon many subjects, and cordial laughter frequently rang out, with never a word of discord or of disagreement. Struzziere held them all together under the spell of his winning personality. And the chef had done wonders, the dinner was excellent, and so were the wines. Toward the end, the host noted with genuine pleasure that the guests were all speaking together, and that nobody was holding back from the feast. It was he who in a short eloquent speech, pointed out the advantage of burying all differences, and uniting strongly in an earnest, concerted action for the good of their country, "the beautiful and beloved island whose welfare was the supreme desire of their hearts—and of his." And he gave in one word the toast that brought them all to their feet impulsively: "Corsica!"

THE Bishop's banquet was so memorable an occurrence that it was remembered for generations. And many were made friends that night who had been enemies before. They could scarcely understand themselves how the change had been brought about. At the end of the delightful evening, Monsignore Struzziere, who had come and gone among the guests, chatting with one and the other as they sipped their coffee and Chartreuse in the reception room, stood again upon the hearth-rug for the leave-taking. The grand stair case was but dimly lighted with oil lamps, but two servants with torches escorted the departing company.

Solenzaro rushed out to assist the aged Duke to his sedan-chair, which was preceded by two lacqueys in livery bearing gilded-wood lanterns upon gilded-wood staves, and was returning to make his own farewells, when, upon the landing he came face to face with Paoli. It was a bad moment for both. Solenzaro tried to pass, head high, looking straight in front of him. The Doctor held out his hands,

"Marchese!" Solenzaro paused for the voice was imploring. "You

heard what the Bishop said just now: 'Unite, unite, do it for Corsica . . .'

"How can you expect me to unite with you? We were united enough when you were fighting Genoa. But what is the use of throwing off the old chain simply to put another round your neck? I would give my life for a free Corsica. I shall never consent to a Corsica over-ridden by the French."

"But, Sir, we must have some strong power to back us! We are not able to stand alone. We have tried and failed, you know it as well as I do. The navies of alien nations want our harbors, and it will be Genoa, or France, or England, or some other. I thought it best to make a friend of the one which was prepared to descend upon us as an enemy."

"**Y**ou think France is going to be satisfied with a port to northward and a puny gabelles upon our salt?"

"There will be a treaty. If she does not respect it, I shall be the first to call the people to arms."

"It will be too late."

"Sir, I am sorry but I cannot act in any other way but that which my judgment and conscience together dictate. It has cost me your friendship, and the loss to me is a very grave one, but I must make this sacrifice, too, for my country's sake."

"I do not wish to repeat gossip, but it is rumored that France has made it worth your while to treat with her."

"And I swear to you most solemnly that the rumor is false. I am a poor man today as I was yesterday and as I shall be tomorrow. You are disinterested yourself, Marchese, cannot you believe that others may be so also? There are enough to abuse me and to misrepresent my motives. But you know me well, for you used to be my friend, should not abandon me now."

"What am I to do? I never wished to abandon you, but neither can I renounce my hope of seeing our country free."

"It is my deepest hope, too. But we are not ready yet. Have faith in me, Solenzaro, as you used to have. We need protection now, and I am working hard to get it. But the day may come when I shall say some other thing to you. The day may still come when we shall go out into the bush again together. But I need the help of those who really love our country. I need your friendship and

your support. I have but half a heart since you withdrew from me." Solenzaro quickly held out his hand: "I am sorry. I did not suppose you cared so much. Never in my life have I abandoned a friend; and especially a friend in need. I cannot brook this intervention of France, but I shall keep on hoping for a free Corsica, and meanwhile let us be friends. It is best so."

Under the pale glow of the hanging lamp their hands met in a long warm grip, and Paoli, suddenly and unexpectedly, threw his arm around this long-lost friend and kissed him.

The Bishop noted the radiance of Solenzaro's face when he reentered the drawing-room. The last guests were departing, the wax candles were burning rather low in their sockets, and a stillness settled over the house. The Marquis bowed over the hand with the ring, murmuring his thanks, but Monsignore Struzziere detained him, drawing him toward the sofa.

"You are not in a hurry, are you? I have scarcely seen you all evening. Did you enjoy our little party?"

"Immensely, Monsignore; I cannot tell you how much. And I do not know what spell of enchantment you have woven over us all, but I personally have been reconciled to two of my bitterest enemies. I hardly know how the thing was done. We are not enemies any more; we are friends; and I do not know how to thank Your Lordship for these riches of joy poured into my life."

"Do not thank me, Marchese. It is God you must thank. But I rejoice indeed at this better understanding. The pardon of injuries, which is one of the hardest of Christian laws, is one of those that contributes most to our own happiness. He who made it, knew the human heart."

"I imagine that you know it too, Monsignore?"

"I was a missionary for a good many years. And it is my deep conviction that the greatest happiness to be found in this world is not in difficult and strange things, but in very simple and sincere acceptance of the word of Our Lord Jesus Christ; and of His yoke, which is sweet, and His burden light."

"A child-like attitude, not philosophic perhaps. And the world is full of trouble and suffering, and problems no child can cope with."

"Yet He said Himself: 'Unless you become as little children you shall not enter into the Kingdom of God.'

And that is where we all wish to go, is it not?"

"You will certainly go, my Lord. But as to the rest of us, I have serious doubts."

"You should not doubt; for if you are just He has promised you 'the resurrection of life': and if you fear for your sins, He has said expressly that He came for the redemption of sinners. His Blood was the price."

"It does not seem quite fair. That He should have done it all, and that we do nothing."

"He asks very little. And many refuse Him even that."

"I wonder how I should stand, Monsignore, if He were to begin and take up the reckoning with me?"

"It is a good thing for us to begin and take up the reckoning ourselves, Marchese, and not wait for the hour of death to do it. We never know when we may be called. It is better for us to cast accounts, and to verify how we stand against that day."

"Better not think about it at all, I should say, my Lord, either for good or for evil."

"Would it be wise? When the judgments of God are certain? And there is another reason why, if we have sinned, we should repent sincerely."

"What is that, my Lord?"

The Bishop rose and opened the door leading into his private chapel. It was very small, with only a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel hanging over the altar, a prie-dieu, and the throbbing lamp burning, the pulse of the world, near the world's Heart. The dawn of the day, the crimson of sunset, some mystic significance of life and love seemed to be gathered into that sacred glow. The Bishop motioned toward a recess of the side-wall where, upon a panel of red damask, hung a large Crucifix of ivory.

"That is the reason," he said softly.

SOLENZARO stood as if struck dumb. The Figure on the Cross was of extraordinary beauty, of consummate workmanship, the thorn-crowned Head thrown back in agony, the delicate, finely chiselled limbs drawn in the tension of pain. In the rose-hued light the whole form seemed to be one living, gasping incarnation of suffering. The Bishop lighted two wax tapers and came back.

"I wanted you to see this," he ex-

plained. "It is a Roman work of great price, a gift of our lord the Pope to Monsignore De Angelis, and I think most eloquent. You rarely see the arms so far stretched, so wide open as these. They seem to me to be a very symbol of the mercy of God."

Solenzaro was gazing, speechless, at the Christ, and it was evident that he was under strong emotion. He did not answer at once. Presently he said,

"He had a cause for which He thought it worth while to die."

"The salvation of the world," Struzziere replied, "and He saw and knew each soul distinctly—yours for instance, and mine."

"Mine? But it is not worth . . . You do not know me, Monsignore. If you knew me as I really am, you would not show me the kindness you deign to show me now. But you make me wish to be different. You make me wish that it were possible to wipe out the past and to begin all over again, and to be a better man."

"But it is always possible, my son. It is even very easy, adorably easy. The Sacraments have been instituted expressly for that."

"I have not approached them since I was a boy. I have wandered very far, Monsignore, and by evil ways. I do not think I can return now. But if the day ever comes, it is to you that I shall make my confession."

"Listen, Marchese; let me speak to you as a friend, as a father. Do

not put off one hour your reconciliation with God. Here are you in the best dispositions, and I wholly at your service. Whatever you are to do, do it now."

"But, Monsignore, it is very late, I am keeping you from your bed. And you have just had a dinner-party."

INVOLUNTARILY the Bishop smiled. "Let not that prevent you."

"And I am in no way prepared."

"I will help you. Look Marchese, look, my son, kneel down here, upon the prie-dieu, and let us pray for a few minutes together."

Solenzaro knelt down, leaning his forehead upon his clasped hands, and Struzziere pushed him over, ever so gently, and knelt down beside him. There was deep silence for a while, then hoarsely, twisting his hands in anguish the Marquis said;

"It's no use. I can't do it."

The Bishop placed a comforting arm around him: "Oh yes, you can. Take your time. I could almost make your confession for you. And you will be so happy afterwards."

It was the Bishop's arm that wrought the wonder. In a strange, tremendous psychological revulsion, Solenzaro had the impression that he was a child of seven, leaning against his mother. She had placed her arm around him, directing his glance toward the Crucifix which hung above her bed, while she instructed him how to make his first confession. He was

not afraid any more. He was safe in the shelter of her breast, and presently he would remember what it was that she was teaching him to say. From very far away, from cells long disused, came the faint, encouraging sound of the dear voice prompting him.

The Bishop, waiting, felt a sort of thrill and tremor in the sudden lifting of the head beside him. Then the Marquis clasped his hands and bent his head very low, so low that his chin rested upon the lace of Bruges and the garnet velvet of his coat, and his voice repeated softly after the dead voice that had prompted him: "I confess to Almighty God."

NOTE: Monsignore Tommaso Struzziere the first Passionist Bishop, was later transferred to the See of Todi. In 1768 the French having shown that they intended to be masters of the island, there was a fresh uprising of the Corsicans, and Solenzaro was killed in action. Paoli fought gallantly at his side, and was victorious at first, but in ultimate defeat was obliged to seek refuge upon an English ship and died in London. During the days of turmoil and fighting Madame Letitia Bonaparte, a bride of a few months, was obliged to flee from Ajaccio to the mountains, and there her son, the great Napoleon was born in 1769. Corsica has been ever since under the domination of France.

Revelment

By JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

THEY planned for Him a cruel death,
Steel pierced his hands, and feet and side;
They mocked His last expiring breath,
And deemed their hate was satisfied.

They wagged their heads and said, "Lo, He
Would crush our temple and in three days
Restore its beauty. Come and see
This boaster gone death's quiet ways."

They did not know that on that hill
Eternal Love was satisfied . . .
That Christ, who hung there, triumphed still.
. . . And only cruel death had died!

Gilbert and Sullivan

DEALERS IN MAGIC AND SPELLS

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX

WITHOUT being too solemn over what, basically, is of light hearted import, it may be regarded as one of the hopeful signs of our present-day American humanity, that almost each winter there occurs, at least in our larger cities, a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Even if Mr. Winthrop Ames disappointed in that respect, those New Yorkers who during the winter of 1928-29 looked toward him for that annual treat, yet Chicago rose encouragingly to the presentation of some of the most admired operas of the series, by D'Oyley Carte (son of the D'Oyley Carte of the original Savoy Opera) and his company.

If it were for nothing but their tonic quality of clean fun the world needs these sparkling products of the blended powers of William Schwenk Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, for our own amusement stage is not so far removed from that of London, when these two men entered upon the scene, in the early seventies. Of that time and place Gilbert said to an interviewer: "When Sullivan and I determined to work together, the burlesque stage was in a very unclean state. We made up our minds to do all in our power to wipe out the grosser element, never to let an offending word escape our characters, and never allow a man to appear as a woman, or vice versa."

The world is sound at its core. Was that purity of intention one secret of the enduring quality of their work?

Both men were very well known, when the current of a common purpose drew them together: Gilbert, chiefly as the author of the famous topsy-turvy "Bab Ballads," and Sullivan as the inheritor (and improver on) the talent for melodic composition possessed by his Irish father.

Though they had collaborated on "Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old," in 1871, it might be said that it was only with the production of "Trial by Jury" in 1875, that several of the distinctive qualities of their work manifested themselves. In the latter production the note of a whimsically unique humor so predominated, that Sir Arthur Sullivan left it on record that the first time Gilbert read the Ms. to him he "was screaming with laughter the whole time." The public re-echoed that laughter, as it listened at the little Royalty theatre, to the farcical breach-of-promise case, to which judge and jury, plaintiff and defendant each contributed his own quota of drolleries; drolleries the more irresistible, because they parodied the (then) actual legal procedure in such cases, just enough to give them the tang of reality.

The first stanza of the Judge's song, explanatory of his ascent to legal summits, gives the keynote to the succeeding phases of the Trial.

When I, good friends was called to the Bar,
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
But I was, as most young barristers are,
An impecunious party.
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue,
A brief which I bought of a booby—
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby.

As for the Court Usher—so solicitous that the Jury would weigh the evidence impartially — there was, in his references to the Plaintiff, an emotion that proclaimed him blood-brother to the sob-sisters of our modern tabloids.

Oh, listen to the Plaintiff's case,
Observe the features of her face—
The broken-hearted bride.
Condole with her distress of mind
From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried.

After which auspicious introduction, of course, only triumph could perch upon the banners of the Lady, to that extent that the Judge himself proclaimed:

Oh, never, never, never, since I joined the
human race
Saw I so exquisitely fair a face!

The world had not at all forgotten the "Trial" when the "Sorcerer" appeared, in November, 1877, accentuating the unique note of the humor informing the earlier offering. The opera which like so many of its comrades stemmed directly back to Gilbert's own "Bab Ballads," tells with dramatic drollery the astounding effects of a love-philtre compounded by the Sorcerer, John Wellington Wells, on a group of more or less guileless villagers, ranging all the way from the magnate Sir Marmaduke Poinexter down to the ancient Pew-opener. The patter-song rendered by George Grossmith, in the character of the magic-worker, at once became public treasure-trove.

Oh my name is George Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blesses and curses and ever-filled purses,
In prophecies, witches and knells.
If you want a proud foe to "make tracks,"
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax,
You have but to look in
On the resident djinn,
Number seventy Simmery Axe.

EQUALLY popular was the song—stemming back, one might think, to Dickens, in its presentation of gustatory delights—of the festive ruralists of the opera:

Now to the banquet we press,
Now for the eggs and the ham—
Now for the mustard and cress—
Now for the Strawberry jam.
Now for the tea of our host—
Now for the rollicking bun—
Now for the muffin and toast—
Now for the gay Sally Lunn.

Naturally, with the remembrance of the "Sorcerer" still so pleasantly fresh in mind, people eagerly awaited the next production of the incalculable paradoxist Gilbert, aided and abetted by the musical enchanter Sullivan. Yet when "H.M.S. Pinafore" appeared in May, 1878—

though this seems scarcely credible now—its success for a while seemed to hang fire. Then the song "Little Buttercup" began to assert its sway, and soon on both sides of the Atlantic—in fact wherever the English language was spoken—people were humming:

For I'm called Little Buttercup—dear Little Buttercup.

Though I could never tell why—

But still I'm called Buttercup—poor Little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup—I.

THE story and the words of "Pinafore" became so widely known, that even yet, it seems almost an impertinence to advert to them at large. Yet some of the lines are so irresistibly funny, that one feels they should be a part of the world's great general heritage of humor.

Of course the world of comic opera has never been nor ever will be, a world of servile adherence to fact. But set alongside the taciturn discipline of a man-of-war's-man, there is something irresistibly laughable in the mutual polite reactions of Captain Corcoran and his crew, as displayed in their morning salutations:

CAPT. CORCORAN: My gallant crew, good morning!

CREW: Sir, good morning!

CAPT. COR.: I hope you're all well.

CREW: Quite well; and you, sir?

CAPT. COR.: I am in reasonable health, and happy to meet you all once more.

CREW: You do us proud, sir.

CAPT. COR.: I am the Captain of the Pinafore—

CREW: And a right good Captain, too—

CAPT. COR.: You are very, very good, and be it understood

I command a right good crew—

That Gilbert took a Puck-like delight in satirizing the snobbery infecting the social system of his day and people is evident throughout his entire work; and "H.M.S. Pinafore" which turns upon the romance of Ralph Rackstraw, ordinary able seaman and his Captain's daughter, affords liberal opportunity for such raillery. Especially rich in this bantering quality is the self-portrait of Sir Joseph Porter, depicting his rise, through all the graduations of servility, to the very apex of British naval supremacy.

I grew so rich that I was sent

By a pocket borough into Parliament.

I always voted at my party's call,

And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

I thought so little they rewarded me

By making me the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

The plot of "Pinafore" turns upon the vicissitudes arising from an exchange of babies in infancy, the *Deus ex machina* in the case being none other than Little Buttercup, at that early time engaged in the industry of baby-farming. She it is, who when Tragedy looms upon the horizon of the "Pinafore" as a result of the upheaval caused by Ralph Rackstraw's passion for Josephine Corcoran, saves the day by confessing her part in that early transaction, the outcome being the arbitrary change of rank by Ralph and the Captain, the latter at once becoming the able seaman, the former Commander of the "Pinafore," to the general happiness and harmony of all. It need scarcely be said that Josephine becomes Mrs. Rackstraw, while Captain Corcoran succumbs to the rotund spell of "Little Buttercup."

The success, as a mirth-producer, of the basic idea behind "Pinafore" would seem to have influenced Gilbert in his next choice of a libretto. For in the "Pirates of Penzance" produced simultaneously in London and New

York in April, 1880, Frederick, the hero of the story, had, through the mistake of his hard-of-hearing nurse, Ruth, been apprenticed in tender childhood to the trade of *Pirate* instead of that of *Pilot*. As Ruth herself put it:

I was a stupid nursery-maid on dangers always steering,
And I did not catch the word aright through being hard
of hearing,

Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain
did gyrate,

I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to
a pirate.

Frederick's escape from that dubious profession, his encounter with the fair daughters of the Major-General, the Major-General himself, and the Pirates (all of whom are Orphans with a grievance) furnish a comedy situation that is as fresh and pleasant to-day as it was when the opera was first produced. In the opinion of the critics of the day, in plot and general construction, it surpassed its far-famed predecessor. One song, in particular, almost stole the palm from "Little Buttercup," in its appeal to the risibilities. This was the song of the Policemen sent to capture the redoubtable Pirates.

When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling,
When the cutthroat is'n't occupied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And to listen to the merry village chime.
When the coster's done a-jumping on his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—
Oh, take one consideration with another,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
When constabulary duty's to be done.

The Pirates, however, are saved the ignominy of jail as, just at the critical moment, it is revealed they are all disgruntled noblemen in mufti, a disclosure that so overcomes the Major-General's hitherto insurmountable objections to them, that he willingly assumes the role of father-in-law to the entire band.

"PATIENCE: OR BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE," which had its first presentation in the spring of 1881, was a brilliant, ironic thrust at the so-called "aesthetic" movement, then at its peak. The plot turned on the rivalry existing between two poets—Reginald Bunthorne and Archibald Grosvenor—for the hand of the milkmaid Patience, and this gave opportunity for the introduction of the most captivating lyrics, dialogues and tableaux. The characters ran the entire social-literary gamut, and the figure of Bunthorne was at once recognized as an achievement in burlesque resemblance to the leading poetic exponent of the new cult. The patter-song of his rival, Grosvenor, lent itself to travesties of all sorts, and immediately became international booty:

Conceive me, if you can,

An everyday young man;

A commonplace type,

With a stick and a pipe,

And a half-bred black-and-tan

Who thinks suburban "hops"

More fun than Monday "pops"

Who's fond of his inner,

And doesn't get thinner

On bottled beer and chops.

A Sewall and Cross young man—

A Howell and James young man—

A pushing young particle—"What's the next
article?"

Waterloo House young man.

Equally celebrated and sung was the Colonel's glorification of his profession:

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery,
Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon,
Take all the remarkable people in history,
Rattle them off to a popular tune—

But it will be a long time before the world forgets that list of celebrities.

It was the success achieved by "Patience" that spurred on D'Oyley Carte to the acquirement of the new Savoy Opera house, and there it was that the sparkling and still-fascinating opera, "Iolanthe: or the Peer and the Peri" was produced in the winter of 1882. There was a simultaneous production in New York (to outwit piratical designs) and the most brilliant social element of both capitals turned out to welcome the new piece. But Gilbert's mordant handling of the House of Lords awoke not a little resentment in the breasts of contemporary aristocracy—a reaction, which at this distance of time and place seems laughable.

"PRINCESS IDA: OR CASTLE ADAMANT," produced in January, 1884, and based on Tennyson's "The Princess," showed a slight falling-off in popular favor, though words and music were both unassailable. The public expected a brand of a livelier joyousness from its favorite collaborators, and received it in "The Mikado: or the Town of Titipu," the first Japanese theme to be operatically treated, in generous measure. Even yet—nearly forty-five years since its initial production—it remains almost impossible to say anything of a novel nature on this, the most distinguished of Savoy operas. Its theme so fecund in mirthful surprise, was wholly the result of accident. Among the curios ornamenting Gilbert's study was an antique Japanese spear. One day the weapon fell down from its position on the wall, and Gilbert picked it up, to restore it to its place. But while he held it in his hand, the train of ideas which was to develop into the "Mikado" began to form.

As the idea progressed, Sullivan's fancy lent it musical wings, D'Oyley Carte took the most exhaustive pains to give it the essential Japanese setting, costumes and atmosphere. There were surprises in the piece, manifest absurdities, impossibilities. So much did the Imperial Government of Japan take this feeling to heart, that more than once it has shown resentment at the portrait of the "Mikado," whose "object all sublime" was "to make the punishment fit the crime," leading thereby to some of the funniest situations that have ever been seen on the operatic stage. The characters of Ko Ko, Pooh-ba, Yum Yum and the rest of that delectable assemblage have won a sort of vicarious immortality through the lines assigned them. It may be the madrigal of Ko Ko, lord High Executioner, that awakens laughing memory:

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky bird why do you sit
Singing 'willow, tit-willow, tit-willow.'"

or it may be Nangi-Poo's verdict:

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la
Have nothing to do with the case—

that still bring jocund recollection, or it may be the highly characteristic Gilbertian quip at aristocratic pretension given voice by Pooh-Bah:

Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primordial atomic globule. Consequently my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering.

But only the reading or hearing of the "Mikado" can do it any justice.

As this is but a magazine article, necessarily limited in its scope, we may be forgiven if we refer but passingly to "Ruddigore," and the "Yeoman of the Guard," both of which are good reading, and still maintain their place in the operatic field. "Ruddigore," produced early in 1887, played wittily and charmingly with the old Monk Lewis idea of ancestral ghosts enacting dominant parts in mortal affairs. The "Yeoman," produced the following year, told, more seriously than was habitual with Gilbert, the story and romance of a noble prisoner confined in London Tower, and received a quite universal laudation from contemporary critics, which later opinion has confirmed.

"The Gondoliers," remarkable as the last distinguished flowering of that potent collaboration that was presently to cease, remains a conquering memorial of the blended talents of Gilbert and Sullivan. It was produced at the Savoy in December, 1889, its setting was Venice and the mythical Kingdom of Barataria, and its comicalities arose from the circumstance that the future King of Barataria, while an infant, had lost his identity through being confused with the twin sons of his foster-mother. Through this mistake, the twins (the handsome Gondoliers of the opera) assume the dual role of the King of Barataria, over a Court where such democratic ideals prevail, that Royalty attends entirely to its own needs. For, as part time King Giuseppe sings:

Rising early in the morning
We proceed to light our fire,
Then our Majesty adorning
In its work-a-day attire,
We embark without delay
On the duties of the day.

However, the arrival of the true King, in the humble guise of a drummer to the Duke of Plaza-Toro, to whose daughter he is already secretly betrothed, followed by confession from the foster mother, puts an end to the reign and the cares of King Giuseppe and Marce.

Such is the merest bald outline of a piece overflowing with pretty lyrics, novel situations and a running wit that is wholly Gilbertian. Enumerating the list of the most representative Savoy operas, one is glad to be able to close on the triumphant note of the "Gondoliers."

GILBERT died in 1911, preceded over a decade before, by the man whose name and musical genius—despite the later barriers of lessened friendship which sprang up between them—is inextricably associated with his. To both, the world owes a great debt, for the wealth of sheer joy bequeathed to it by them. There is rumor that the lords of the "talkies" are about to take up the operas. Let us hope for that rumor's truth, for thus, even more than in the noonday of their success, would the message of melody and mirth left by Gilbert and Sullivan reach the masses of men.

The Wrath of the Lamb

THE MOST DREADFUL OF SCRIPTURAL PHRASES

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.

IN THE Apocalypse, St. John reveals to us many mysteries that shall be fulfilled in the future. But these are at present so deep and dark in their meaning that few commentators have ventured to explain them. That master of interpreters, St. Jerome, declares that there are as many mysteries as there are words, or rather, in each word many mysteries are concealed. In spite, however, of this obscurity, the book is the source of untold consolation to the Church, for it reveals the defeat and punishment of the wicked and the triumph and reward of the good, when "the mystery of God shall be finished as He hath declared by His servants the prophets." (*Apoc.* 10, 7.)

The individual soul can also profit by reading it, for the first three chapters contain many passages capable of stirring up the tepid to greater fervor and of encouraging the good to persevere in the pursuit of holiness. The most remarkable thing about the book is the view of our Lord that St. John gives us. Always He is "the Lamb standing as it were slain." He had stood on Calvary and saw the Lord's hands and feet pierced by nails and later His side opened with a lance. He was in the upper room when, the doors being closed, Jesus stood in the midst and showed them His hands and His feet and His side, still bearing the marks of the wounds. They were to remain on His glorified Body as everlasting memorials of "His exceeding charity wherewith He loved us." (*Eph.* 2, 4.)

St. John saw and recorded all this and he of all the Apostles and Evangelists is known as the Apostle of Love. The Love of God for us is the theme that runs through his Gospel and Epistles. But when he is permitted to behold his Lord in glory, the sight of those same wounds causes him to utter some fearful sentences. "Behold, He cometh in the clouds and every eye shall see Him and they also that pierced Him. And all the tribes of the earth shall bewail themselves because of Him." (*Apoc.* 1, 7.) And again: "They say to the mountains and the rocks: Fall upon

us and hide us from the Face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb." (*Apoc.* 6, 16.)

In the entire Scriptures there is no more dreadful phrase than that—the wrath of the Lamb. A criminal may stand calmly, even defiantly before a just judge but he is terrified and flees from the anger of an outraged love. St. John understood this and while he gently urges us to love God "that we may have confidence in the day of judgment," (*I John* 4, 17) he also transports us in spirit to that dread day to make us see the other side of the picture—the wrath of the Lamb. He bids us consider the horror and despair of the soul that sees the Love Crucified become the wrath of the Lamb. We cannot do better than follow the lead of the Apostle and meditate frequently on Judgment. No where can we do so with more profit than at the foot of the Crucifix, for Judgment is nothing else but the accounting the soul gives of the correspondence with His exceeding Love. And after meditation, the repentant soul needs to raise hopeful eyes to Him for the grace and the love that will give her "confidence in the day of Judgment."

It may be said that this, the greatest moment in the life of the soul, determining her eternal destiny, consists in a look, a word and a gesture, for our judgment is in His eyes, in His voice and in His hands. Imagine then the sinful soul as she comes into His Presence,—one of those who crucified again to themselves the Son of God and made Him a mockery. Upon her He turns His gaze.

Those eyes are clear and calm, but burning with expectancy. He casts a deep, probing look, measures fault against virtue, wasted grace against graces given. The soul is held suspended, anxious, quivering, in the intensity of that gaze. But slowly the light of eagerness goes out, giving place to a dull look of disappointment and chagrin. There is a brief veiling of those eyes while He sums

up His endless mercies and the soul's ceaseless resistance. Before the eyes of His mind there come again swiftly but vividly the Garden and the bloody sweat; the Praetorium and the horrible scourge; Calvary and the sharp nails. Gradually, they open—changed but never to change again upon that soul. There is in them something more terrible than the flaming fires of anger. There is the same fixed look, but it is now frigid with the coldness of eternal fires gone out. No longer do they retain even the warmth of recognition. They stare through and beyond the naked, shivering soul before Him, while His lips, slowly, as befits words that are irrevocable, pronounce the sentence: "Amen I say to you, I know you not." (*Matt.* 25, 12.)

The tone of His voice will strike that soul with the beginning of endless despair. So strange is it that she may wonder if she heard right. Is it His voice, that voice so kind in its enquiries toward the sick; soft in His acquittal of the sinful woman; tender in His defence of children; yearning in His desire to gather sinners; cordial and pressing in His invitation to follow Him; gentle in speaking to the weak and the ignorant; compelling in His mastery over disease and death; resistless in subduing demons; sharp and cutting, like the sting of a lash, in denouncing Scribe and Pharisee. But now it is cold and toneless and dead: remote and indifferent and hard as He declares: "Amen I say to you, I know you not." Well, may the soul wonder and tremble. To shake off the black feeling of despair that is spreading over her, she may look for another word that may change all this.

WHAT power in the briefest sentence of His! "Fill the water pots with water" and the miracle of Cana was accomplished. "Maid, arise," and the young girl returned to life as easily as awakening from sleep. "Be thou cleaned" and the outcast leper was restored to his home and friends. "Peace, be still" and a storm, so violent as to frighten experienced fisherman was quelled.

"Lazarus, come forth" and a corpse four days in the tomb leaped into instant life. Oh, for one such brief word now! For the sinful soul it would contain more music than the harmonies of angelic choirs. But no! No word will ever come from those lips to sound a note of mercy. He had already said: "Go show yourself to the priest" and the soul had chosen to remain in the hideous leprosy of sin. He had declared: "He that will confess me before men, I also will confess him before my Father in Heaven" and the soul had persisted in denying Him in thought, in word, in action. In clear, emphatic words, He had pointed out the way of salvation: "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them." How often He had announced these truths, yes, and how many times He had spoken the forgiving word: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go, sin no more." He is weary with the repetition of those words so long unheeded, so often scorned. He has only one more thing to say and He says it: "Depart you accursed into everlasting fire." With that utterance the soul loses her grasp on the last shred of hope and sinks into bottomless and eternal despair. Those words will ring in her ears and reverberate in her soul and echo in every chamber of hell for all eternity.

THE Judge, raising His Hand, will point the way to that exile from which there is no return—to that path that has no happy ending, that leads not to any heaven of peace or rest, that has no loved ones waiting to welcome with joy the home-coming of the weary wanderer. And that Hand will never change its direction. It will never bend into a gesture that calls back, never be extended in welcome, never move to snatch the soul from quenchless burning, never reach out to soothe her pain or give help in her direst need. For there is upon her the deep, red mark of an ancient but remembered Wound.

Truly, judgment under any aspect can strike the sinful soul with dread but it is most terrifying when we consider that "the Father hath given all judgment to the Son—because He is the Son of Man." (John V. 22. 27.) The Judge will come to give sentence with the knowledge of God, with the experience of a Man and with memories of Calvary. He can make no error for behind those quiet eyes is infinite knowledge: He

cannot hesitate in pronouncing sentence from lack of experience in human things, for He was like to us in all things sin alone excepted; and that single exception cannot stay the irrevocable gesture of banishment because those pierced Hands were once fountains of salvation "for the washing of the sinner." No plea can be made, no excuse offered in behalf of the sinner before such a Judge. The soul herself knows that such a thing would be futile. To her also will come memories of His Passion. Those eyes will recall the look that made Peter go out from among sinful companions to weep his whole life long, whereas the sinner spent his life like the soldiers in the courtyard, veiling that accusing look in order to sin more boldly. That voice will bring back the sound of that all-merciful petition: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." But the soul knows that she had no place in that prayer because it sinned with open-eyed malice. Neither did she use her own voice in humble supplication like the poor thief in order to receive an equally gentle and generous answer. If shame or fear held her speechless, she could have followed the simple eloquence of those few words. "Behold thy Mother!" And the sight of those

Wounds! The soul knows that the trembling disciples looked on them and found the courage of Martyrs.

Thomas beheld them and attained to a sublime Faith. (John XX, 20, 28.) Sinners looking upon them were healed of the wounds inflicted by the infernal serpent. But the sinner never raised his eyes to those Wounds whence flowed copious streams of salvation through the seven Sacraments. No wonder he finds no recognition in His eyes, nothing but condemnation in His voice and only rejection in the wounded hand. "A man making void the law of Moses died without any mercy under two or three witnesses." How much more worthy of condemnation is he who, in life, veiled those eyes, went heedless of that voice, kept far from those helping hands! Eyes and Voice and Hand witness against him.

SUCH are some of the thoughts that come to one who tries to penetrate some of the meaning in that awful word of St. John—the wrath of the Lamb. To get its entire soul-shaking meaning is not possible in this life. Just as absolute zero cannot prevail even in the coldest winter, so neither can the wind comprehend the total absence of love in the Redeemer toward a particular soul. Yet it is good to make the attempt, for surely its one result will be to make us hasten to the crucifix—to spend our lives there. The patient Eyes of Jesus will hold a warm welcome, His Voice will speak of sweet forgiveness and His Hands will give generously of His hard-won merits.

Let us there pray with St. Augustine: "Thy hands, O Lord, have made me and fashioned me, those hands that were transfixed for my sake. Despise not, O Lord, the work of thy hand; look I beseech Thee to the wounds of Thy hands. Behold in Thy hands, O Lord God, Thou hast engraven me; read this writing and save me; behold, I, Thy work, cry to Thee; Thou art Life, give me life; behold, I, Thy creature sigh to Thee; Thou, my Creator, create me again; behold, I, Thy making look on Thee; Thou, my Maker, restore me." And there in the peace of a conscience cleansed from sin, we may hearken to the comforting words from the same St. John: "And now, little children, abide in Him that when He shall appear we may have confidence and not be confounded by Him at His coming." (1 John 2, 28.)

The Holy Family

By CATHARINE M. BRESNAN

THE Trinity repeated here,
In Faith and Hope and Love;
The Patriarch and Maiden near
The Son of God above.

Three unified in simple thought
In humble prayer and deed,
Exemplifying all God wrought
For man's essential need.

The body's food sustaining long
The heart's ennobled worth,
Until the spirit's lasting song
Escapes the bonds of earth.

In Nazareth is all we know
Or ever need to gain
For the eternal afterglow
Of life and toil and pain.

The Trinity united there
In God and angels made
But one with man in choired prayer
Forever more relayed.

Rusticello

"VERBUM MILITIS — VERBUM AUREUM"

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

NOBODY knew much about him and, truth to tell, nobody bothered much, either. He may have been eighty or ninety—nearer the latter, I should say. The tiny village, sheltered in a cypress-covered cup of land in between the Albano Hills, had been his habitat for more years than even the elderly folks could count. When passing through the village, passing either in the casual wise of a tourist, or else with the slowly observing eyes of an artist, you might hear his name mentioned once during an evening in the solitary trattoria of the place.

"Rusticello! Ah, but there goes a queer one!"

And then they shrugged and turned their eyes to the wine and their ears to more interesting gossip—local or otherwise.

Rusticello!

What a name! And what a glory of a name! Not Giovanni Rusticello, nor Pietro, nor Carlo—just Rusticello! A foolish young poet's dreams it suggested, or again a soldier's ambition, a fresco in an old basilica, a wearily ancient road, a banner unfurled in the bitter mountain air, the roar of canonry, and the ardor of battles. All these—and more than these. But, perhaps, you might disagree with me and I'll leave his name for what it is worth when set down in black and white.

There were frescos in the old village church, and the old inn lent you many a sweet mood and you could learn a lot about God's inner world and its values by the bank of a crazily winding brook just behind the trattoria. And if I but shut my eyes, the whole place stands right there: the narrow stretch of a village—some dozen odd white houses—and the friendly little church, its walls going, here, there and everywhere, three huge tall cypresses, planted in the middle of the street, and an orange tree or two: not too many of them. Poor was the place when you looked at it, and yet always laughing, always happy. The trattoria gave you a bed to sleep in and they treated you to a richly basted chicken on Sundays and, mayhap, a choice bit of veal once or twice during the week.

You stayed on quite involuntarily. Peace! Motorists never dashed by. And when you wished to see crowds and shops again, you knew that Rome was not far away.

At the farthest end of the one and only street a house hid itself shyly—almost ingratiatingly—behind a sprawling cluster of olive trees. This was the house I liked the best, and I chanced to ask the trattoria owner whether that place did not belong to him as well. "If so," I added, "I should like to live there—having a great love for olive trees."

The man gestured eloquently.

"But, Signor, that is not my place yonder, Rusticello lives there, and Rusticello is a queer one. He has no liking for strangers and he lives all alone."

"I see," I said slowly. "Rusticello is the queer one of the village. And can one not see him—meet him anywhere?"

My landlord considered.

"See him? Why," he puckered his snowy eyebrows, "there is Sunday and on Fridays he goes out marketing, beyond our village—"

He stopped, shuffling his feet.

"We are very proud of him, Signor, but he will have nought to do with us. All by himself lives Rusticello—and he nearly ninety."

This much had to suffice me for the moment.

But from a distance I continued observing the house of the olive trees. Much of it you could not see: the old gnarled, age-greyed trunks sprawled in most directions, their crazy boughs well-nigh hiding the walls. You could just glimpse a roughly painted door and a bit of a yellow curtain in a window. What life went on behind these stayed hidden.

On the third day, standing by my bedroom window, collecting my pencils, brushes and sketchbooks, I heard unfamiliarly loud steps go clanging down the still street. A man's steps. A soldier's steps. A legionary's steps.

I looked out, and I saw a superbly

tall man go past the trattoria. Shoulders thrown back, snow-white head held erect, marching on as a soldier only could march. I saw his plain blue-linen shirt, his shabby corduroy trousers, his poor brown canvas shoes: these seemed incongruous, armour would have fitted him far more aptly, but for all this incongruity, these common clothes did not mar the man. And, as you watched him, you said to yourself: "There goes a soldier."

He passed. And down the narrow unbannistered steps I ran.

"Seen Rusticello, Signor?" the landlord smiled at my all too obvious eagerness. "He is gone out marketing."

"Angelo," I cried breathlessly, "the queer one of the village, do you call him? Why, the wonder of the village, that is what he is."

The landlord shrugged.

"He might well be," he replied quietly, "if we knew anything about him, but he has lived here these many years and he will have nought to do with us."

"But he is a soldier," I insisted.

Another shrug.

"Signor, he may have gone to the wars. We know not. How can we pass judgment or appraise a man who has drunk his red wine with none to keep him company and to share his cup all these years. It is a queer sign when a man will drink his wine alone, Signor."

I left the landlord; and rather impatiently, too.

WHAT night I lay awake—racking my brains as what I had best do to approach Rusticello. Common means seemed rather hopeless. If I stopped him on the street, he might do more than feel aloof and resentful. His was not a type that a tourist could pester without impunity. His dignity forbade subterfuges. Yet on the other hand, how could I walk past the old olive trees, touch the ancient knocker, and, on his opening the door (always provided he did open it), say blandly: "I have heard of you: your name attracted me and I have seen you in the street: your appearance attracted me. Mind, if I

walk in and talk? You are a soldier, are you not?"

Ridiculous—that was what it looked like!

"I'd probably see the door slammed in my face and I'd deserve it, too. If he chooses to have nothing to do with the village people, what chance could I have, a mere outsider?"

So I thought, conscious all the time that Rusticello had stirred some indescribable curiosity within me. His passing down the street remained in my memory like a rare picture of an old master—seen for a regrettably brief while—in some museum, so that I well-nigh could not help my hunger to learn a little more of its color and line and the message its canvas hid.

CAME a day when the tiny hamlet buzzed with excitement. There had been an accident on the road beyond, where a sharp curve in between the hills always demanded more than ordinary caution both from the motorist and from the pedestrian. The accident touched the hamlet most intimately. Pietro Caruggi the owner of the little forge just on the outskirts of the village, was killed outright, and his tiny wife, Anela with him. Police had done their utmost to trace the motorist, but in vain. I gleaned these details in the low-raftered wine-room of my little trattoria.

"Pietro and Anela had not a soul in the world," said Campi, the butcher. "You know they were Genoese folks."

"And poor," added a man's rough voice from the corner. His forge had run a loss for a couple of years. The parish priest says they will have to be buried by the parish.

"That is but nothing," boomed my landlord. "Ah! You have forgotten—there remains Luigi."

"Poor little angel," whispered his wife. "Yes, Luigi! To Rome he must go—to some municipal school—God pity the orphan!"

"He is too small for school yet," retorted her husband. "Can you send a mite of four to a school? Bah!" And he added awkwardly, "If I had not four of my own, perhaps—"

Slowly he looked round the crowded room. His clients fell into a shyly restrained mood. Some of them had not enough to keep their own wives and children, and of this they seemed ashamed at a moment when a little bit of forlorn humanity

demanding help and charity, and so urgently too.

"We will ask the parish priest," the butcher pushed away his wine-mug. "There are the kind Brothers near Tusculum. They might—"

He stopped, for a gigantic shadow fell across the threshold. And when I raised my head, I saw Rusticello stand there, listening. With his back to the sun he stood and I could not see his face very well. But something in his attitude made me catch my breath. We all waited, all lashed into silence, as it were, just as though our concerns could not be voiced in the presence of that giant about whom one knew so little.

Into the stilled room he advanced, bending his shoulders to avoid the rafters.

"Landlord!" rang the voice of a man to whom you would easily deny age. "Landlord, I have heard about an accident."

The landlord pushed a fiasco of Chianti wine further down the counter. His manner was unfriendly.

"So you have, Rusticello," he sneered a little. "Which is a matter of great marvel, seeing you have no desire to belong to us."

A hush fell. The giant's tanned face grew darker. Had he chosen to reply to the unveiled insult, the whole crowd would have been at him in no time. But he ignored the stinging words and so forced the men to reckon with him, at least, for the nonce.

"There has been an accident," he repeated quietly, "and I hear a little orphan is left behind. I have come to inquire about him."

"He is with the parish priest," jerked out the landlord.

"This is all I need," nodded Rusticello and vanished as abruptly as he came.

When the clang-clang of his big boots died down the street, the company looked at one another in speechless bewilderment.

"And what do you make of this?" brought out the landlord's wife. "Why should Rusticello concern himself about Luigi?"

Nobody answered her.

"Is he rich?" ventured.

"Rich?" echoed the butcher. "He may be rich or poor, good or bad, kind or cruel. Signor we know nought about him."

"He cannot be rich," mused the landlord. "He has the little house

and his olive trees, but I believe—"

Here he checked himself and his guests pressed him for no further details. It looked as though Rusticello's suddenly born interest in their village life had come in such a manner as to put a seal on all unkindly judgments and harshly worded discussions about him. And yet the man had done nothing, apparently, to warrant such a change.

Personally I felt no surprise when, a couple of days later, the landlord told us that Rusticello had been to see the parish priest and had undertaken the upbringing of little Luigi.

"The priest was dumbfounded," said the man. "All so quickly done. In walks Rusticello and asks a few questions. 'No,' he says, 'I will not commit myself before I see the child!' And the priest has Luigi brought into the room and Rusticello looks into Luigi's eyes for a long moment, and then he says—more like a man in dream than anything else—'Yes, Father, I will take the boy and be a father to him. His eyes have told me all I wished to know. The lad will be a soldier!' Now, Signor, what do you make of it? Can a man who is all right in his head talk such nonsense? What is there about soldiering in an infant's eyes? So the priest considered for a spell, but, after all, there was nothing except charity for little Luigi, and Rusticello said that though he was poor, his poverty was not such as to forbid any sharing. So it is all done and properly, too, Signor, with the notary and papers and such-like, and I doubt not but we are going to have two queer ones in the village, instead of one only from now on."

I SAID nothing, but a week later my beloved olive trees came to my aid.

There grew a beautifully untidy clump of them by the brook, just beyond the church, and this clump simply cried out to be sketched. So one early cool morning, I ensconced myself there, keen on pencil and brush for at least three hours to come.

Poetry there is in abundance in every tree. But an olive tree has something more than poetry. Philosophy, if you like, and again more than philosophy, for a mood of peace an olive tree can give you is surely worth a deal more than a whole library of profound philosophical books. And there is something to stay your very breath in an olive

grove. Consider that out of a thousand of them, not one is like its brothers, just as though shaping their homogeneous trunks—each one so differently—God wished to make known the generosity of the world's greatest Artist. Some there are who would call an olive tree ugly and demur at the color of its bark and the hopeless chaotic sprawling shapelessness of its growth. Let them keep their opinions! There is peace and richness and wisdom about an olive tree no mere human opinion can destroy.

OF SUCH things was I thinking, my sketchbook propped against an old trunk, when a baby's cooing voice made me raise my head.

There stood a baby seraph, golden hair and blue, bold eyes and a sober little face that made you wonder whether you were good enough and clean enough for the child to look at you. Slim bare brown legs cut across the bushy spring grass. A tiny brown hand tugged at my sleeve and I stretched out my book at his compellingly curious look.

Then the sober little face broke into a sun of smiles, and, my book held fast in his little fingers, the boy's brown legs disappeared in the tall grass along the brook bank. The cooing voice trembled on further and further away. I sat on my perch, wondering whether it was quite wise to let the seraph run away with my sketch book and—then I saw Rusticello come towards me.

"Your book, Signor," he bowed politely, and handed it to me.

I rose to take it and exclaimed involuntarily:

"So this was Luigi!"

His eyes appraised me before he replied:

"Yes, it was—my adopted son."

"I should so like to sketch him," I said impulsively. "Just here in among those olive trees. If you permit—"

He did not answer, but his glance fell on the open page.

"The olive trees!" he murmured. "Signor, you have interpreted them aright."

Blushing a little, I told him about my funny ideas of olive trees.

"Peace!" he repeated. "Yes, in the olden days they used to bury soldiers in olive groves. And there was peace."

"You—you are a soldier," I stammered.

"I was, Signor," he answered simply.

A pause fell, and I, face to face with a man I had so wanted to meet and speak to, could now find nothing to say. His speech intrigued me. It had breeding. It had culture. It rang so curiously fresh and young. It sounded Roman to the core. And, I thought, whatever were his reasons for keeping aloof from the world, his speech was not that of a conquered man.

He spoke again:

"Your love for the olive trees is singular, Signor! Would you not like to sketch those behind my house?"

Needless to say, I followed his tall figure with the utmost alacrity.

A woman or two saw me cross the threshold of Rusticello's house and I doubted not but the news would spread all over the village. I knew I would stand proof against all indiscreet questionings and walked into the narrow long room without any misgivings.

Rusticello's home! Let me remember it for a while:

Guns there were, and in abundance. Queerly shaped guns such as would be beyond all knowledge and cunning of a modern craftsman. Heavily barrelled, spotlessly clean guns. And time-yellowed ordnance maps on the plain white-washed walls. Dated plans of Italy, in both northern and southern. Unframed decorations in the corner, frayed silk edges and beautifully polished metal. A few military portraits, the color and cut of uniform such as to puzzle your date-searching mind. Very little furniture and what there was of it austere and dark-hued and comfortless. Nothing to suggest cushioned retirement, the after-battle ease, the very probable weariness of the owner's age. Luigi's brown feet gleamed on the white floor. His golden head gleamed defiantly in among the crude dark oak and the stern metal of the guns.

Rusticello pushed forward a chair. The coolness of the room tempted me to a few minutes' rest.

"You were a soldier," I said awkwardly. "Why—you are a soldier still. This is a soldier's home, surely."

His dark unaged eyes smiled proudly.

"Yes," he echoed, "this is a soldier's home."

His big strong hand precipitately

caught hold of Luigi's shoulder.

"This will be a soldier's home," he added meaningly. "As to myself, Signor, I have had my day. It had no real sunset to it, and I am still waiting."

Rapidly I thought of the last war. No, he could not possibly have fought in those battles. Whatever his energy, his years would surely have betrayed him. I scanned over Italy's history, but my ignorance of its shaping led me nowhere. And then my eyes strayed on to the wall opposite. A bit of white, a bit of yellow! And a big embossed date, draped in black! And crossed keys! I tried to link the date to facts and felt puzzled. 1870! But Rusticello, surely, was no hireling to go and proffer his services to any alien army. The Franco-Prussian tumult would have been a remote, indifferent echo to his ears of a Roman. And what else happened in 1870? I gave it up.

Of himself he said no more that day, and I felt that questions were somewhat out of place. The olive trees and their curious lore formed the main pattern of our talk.

BUT from that day onward I earned the reputation of a queer one among the village folks. Rusticello's house became my favorite haunt, but when away from it, in among my landlord's customers in the wine-room, I said nothing of Rusticello. And could I tell them that a friendship had arisen out of our common love for olive trees?

So, gradually I learned the man's story, and that not always in the direct. But Rusticello's were the manners of a great gentleman and reticence was an often thumbled page in his gospel. Of history he would talk much and of Italy, his voice somewhat hushed and his eager eyes somewhat dim. Nothing emotional about this, either. Simply the never blunted keen loyalty of a Soldier robbed of his allegiance.

He talked of 1848, of Gaeta, of the Austrians. He touched upon the to him memorable 1870 and its sequel. He remembered the Porta Pia and the days which followed, when such as he found themselves unanchored, their swords denied their purpose, their oath robbed of all meaning.

"A soldier's allegiance, once given, may not shift, Signor," he said one evening. "We could fight no more.

Some say it was all for the best. Others hold the matter is not finished. I am just waiting. I am a Roman, born and bred, but I had fought under the Crossed Keys and I believe the breach must be healed—will be healed. Peace is now halved in Italy and a halved peace is worse than no peace at all. I came here in my full prime, Signor, after 1870. I have waited since. None here know my story; why should they? My years are too far gone to permit of argument. They always argue about that Roman Question. There had been no Roman questions for me and others like me, Signor. We had our loyalty, we gave our allegiance. It is asked for no more—but none can take our loyalty away from us."

Late into chilly mid-winter nights would the old soldier talk, whilst the little Luigi slept in his cot upstairs and so would I glean historical data and learn things about the queer one of the village and come to have reverence for him.

NOTHING futile was there about him or his ways. He had kept to himself since none was there who wanted him—until an accident gave a fresh purpose to his last years.

They would be curious at the trattoria and try to question me—in the shyly clumsy, direct way of the peasants.

"Is he good to little Luigi. Signor?"

Yes, he was kindness itself. Luigi felt as happy as a lark on an April day.

"Does Signor think he is a good man?"

"Signor" certainly did think so—but on all further details the Signor's words would be sealed.

So weeks and months elapsed. Rusticello read no papers, but often would I come and tell him all I had heard about the moods in Rome. And his proud aquiline features would grow eager, just as though, like a sentry at his post, he heard the champing of horses down the road.

And one day he said:

"I must go to Rome, Signor!" He looked round him, but little Luigi was playing in the back garden and the old man went in; "I must make fitting provision for the boy. I know my old notary's eldest son is still practising in the Via Arenula. I must go to him and make arrangements for the boy's future. I have but little, but what I have must be

Luigi's beyond all dispute. And I must go the day after tomorrow, Signor."

He had not left the village for more than fifty years! I wondered and not a little, how he would find Rome.

"But why this sudden haste, Rusticello? You know what Rome will be like in these days. The crowds would disturb you."

He smiled.

"It is not fitting that I should be there, Signor, now that all our waiting is so near the end?"

And I knew he was just right; and in those last days before he left for Rome, I imagined that suddenly, as it were, all his years had knocked at the door of his eyes—knocked, asking for admission and would not have it denied them. So that Rusticello's tall proud shoulders began stooping a little and his big, usually steady, hands began suggesting his age, however faintly.

The village, meanwhile, buzzed and stirred and heaved with expectation. Old men, and old women who had never before set their feet beyond the hilly, vine-covered distances, now boldly ventured carryalls and besieged the tiny local station and sallied forth to Rome—there to mingle with the crowds so as to bring home yet another throbbing detail of the expected event.

And Rusticello went—quietly, un-noticedly; went in the chilly hush of a February morning, leaving little Luigi in the temporary charge of the parish priest's aged housekeeper. By noon his venture was broadcast and wisecracks shook their heads knowingly.

"The great traffic in Rome would crush all life out of the queer one. And why should he go—he for fifty and more years has kept himself aloof from all people and all things! What is *il Papa* (the Pope) to such as he? And what is Italy?"

I kept my peace and decided to strap my own luggage and stay in Rome to see the great days through. And there lurked within me more than a merely faint hope that I might yet cross the wandering path of the soldier who was.

ROME and the February days of 1929! If I were a great painter or a master of words, I might trace a fitting pattern of all those scenes, call to life the illuminated streets and the liquid green glimmering of the

street fountains and the thrillingly, expectant crowds—crowding wherever space would hold them—near the Quirinal, near St. Peter's—on the tree-edged square in front of the Lateran. Ah! Wherever space held them, they went and gathered and waited, all conscious of history being made right there before their eyes and some among them aware of a significance being unfolded—a significance standing far beyond all conceivable historical frames.

So the day came. Its dawn found me elbowing a difficult way in among the dense crowds round St. Peter's fountains. It had drizzled earlier in the night. Now it rained steadily. One grew impatient of opened umbrellas.

And suddenly—right in front of me—I glimpsed the familiar giant figure. Of course! Where else would Rusticello be except here, now that the waiting had indeed ended?

I edged sideways as best I could, so as to get a clearer view of his face. And I forgot the crowds and the rain and even the day's meaning. Forgot all things except that Rusticello stood there and that I knew him and knew, too, somehow, that his wearisome, apparently futile, life had been spent in vain. So much that upturned glad face told me.

In one of the lesser known German museums there hangs a picture of a dying blind man—color—aware of the sunset! A wondrous painting that! The faded wrinkled face reflects its well-nigh miraculous cognizance of color. The blind eyes see—with an inward penetrating sense and space-conquering look—the rose and purple splendors. And the very blindness of those eyes becomes a trophy on the canvas. You can see that inward look, you can gauge the gratitude of the soul in that calm mouth. And somehow you know that the glow over the old face comes as no mere reflection of the sunset, but as an enhancement of the light within.

And this was what Rusticello's old face looked like, as he stood and waited in the pelting rain on the crowded Piazza of St. Peter's that memorable February day.

I never attempted to edge closer to him. No friend, however intimate, could have interfered with that calmly regal mood. And, as a sol-

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is all. I said the traffic would kill him! Well, I suppose the excitement of the journey did that. For he was old."

So they talked on and later, armed with their knowledge of Rusticello's real name, they pilgrimed to Rome and wandered in among the marble-edged paths of the cemetery, trying to find the grave of "their queer one." Probably I should have told them they'd never find the grave, looking merely for the grandly sounding name. Somehow I did not. After fifty years of waiting in retirement Rusticello would have preferred to lie in peace—and they buried him in a secluded corner, the following chiselled on the marble slab;

"Here lies a soldier."

Folks, versed in heraldry, might have guessed his name, since the notary insisted on having the motto carved underneath: *Verbum militis—verbum aureum* (A Soldier's Word is a Word of Gold). But the people from the village knew nothing of heraldry.

Which was just as well, for the man who had lived amongst them had loved humble obscurity above most things.

dier, he stood, age again vanished from his posture.

A WEEK later the small, sober-faced notary from Via Arenula descended on the tiny village and shook its foundations down by the news he brought with him. The parish priest's housekeeper was relieved of her temporary charge. Luigi's tiny hand clutched the notary's tobacco-stained fingers. The infant was being sent to Rome—there to begin a new life.

The landlord and his wife were speechless for a brief while.

"The queer one of the village—he—a grand signor? Madonna, who would have thought it?"

They turned to me. Did I, then, possess all the facts about Rusticello's real identity? Promptly I denied all such knowledge. Rusticello had been reticent about the names of antecedents.

"Ah, well," said the landlord. "He should not have gone to Rome, that

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ABOVE are pictured Father Mark Moeslein, Passionist missionary, four Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from Marywood College, Scranton, Pa., and seventy-three (count them!) pupils of Our Mother of Mercy Colored Mission in Washington, North Carolina. The picture was taken last year. At the close of the 1929 school term the pupils numbered one hundred and forty. A much larger enrollment is expected in September, provided the money for necessary extensions of the small school building can be gotten.

Even without any increase in attendance, the school is altogether inadequate. It has only three small class-rooms which already are overcrowded, as many of the children are obliged to sit two in a single seat. A larger room, divided by a curtain, serves as hall and chapel. To enlarge the class-rooms and provide a half-decent place for the celebration of Holy Mass, the sum of \$12,500 is needed. Can your contribution be counted upon?

A few weeks ago I had the happiness of spending a few days with Father Mark. I saw the heroic work he is doing and some (only some) of the many personal sacrifices he is making. He is seventy-seven years old and has been a priest going on fifty-two years! Now in his old age, when his long years in Christ's service entitle him to a little ease and comfort, he is spending his last days in hard labor for the salvation of these colored children. Could I do otherwise than promise him to do everything possible to help him enlarge his little school?

When I remarked that his work was hard and must often be discouraging, he answered with his winsome smile (and his is quite the most winsome smile I've ever seen) that he was only too glad to do the pioneer work that some one else might reap the harvest. What an example of priestly zeal! Surely his intercessory power with God must prevail. Between ourselves, I am relying on his prayers to make this appeal effective. (With his eyes set towards



eternity, Father Mark won't mind this statement and, besides, he has long since passed the silly age of pride and vanity.)

When Father Mark started his work in Washington he had *one* parishioner. Today he has *nineteen*—all *converts*! He is convinced that the conversion of the colored race must start with the children. That is why he is so anxious to enlarge his school. Every child in the school is taking instruction in the Catholic religion, and a large number are being prepared for baptism. No words can praise too highly the efficiency of the Sisters in charge. They are giving a better secular education than can be obtained in the local public schools, and by their teaching and example are developing a Catholic spirit in the children.

IT IS necessary to get the \$12,500 at the earliest possible moment if the improvements are to be made before September. If every one of our 92,000 subscribers would give only a *small* contribution, and *at once*, work could begin immediately. I suppose that every reader of this notice wants some special favor—spiritual or material—from God. You can reinforce your petition by helping Father Mark. You may send your offering direct to him at 112 West 9th St., Washington, North Carolina, or to me, care of THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.



P.S.—Father Mark is also hoping to get a permanent chapel *some day*. It would

cost about \$15,000. I'm mentioning this in the hope that some reader may be able and willing to pay for it. What a splendid memorial to a deceased mother or father or other relative! What a privilege to be allowed to build a home for the Blessed Sacrament!

Father Harold Purcell, C.F.

Alas! She Married a Catholic

AN UNNAMED WRITER PUBLISHES HER MISTAKE

By ELLEN STUART

A FEW years ago the hitherto conservative and decidedly highbrow *Forum* published a series of articles from the pen of one Kate Sargent, a Boston newspaper woman, with the startling title: "Does the Pope Rule Massachusetts?" Since the publication of that eventful issue, Catholicism and Catholic problems (?) have been discussed, defended, or decried in nearly every number.

As Gilbert K. Chesterton once remarked: "In fifty or an hundred years Christian Science may be a myth, and Universalism may be a myth, but Catholicism will always be a nuisance."

Now comes the June *Forum* resplendent in its new format and carrying as its feature an essay whose title, while less startling, is equally interesting and equally powerful as a sure sales getter: "What It Means to Marry a Catholic, by One Who Did." This particular person "who did," purports to be a non-Catholic lady married to a Catholic, and the mother of four children, whom she conscientiously bundles off to the parish school each morning, and to Mass on Sundays.

The first few sentences of this rather lengthly article show great promise and fire one with the hope that here, at last, is an article that will treat Catholics and things Catholic with reason and restraint. They bear repetition:

"The wisest ruling the Roman Catholic Church ever made is that forbidding the marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic. If it could enforce that decree many tragedies would be averted. Every year under the emotional agitation loosely called love, thousands of Catholics apply for and receive a dispensation from that law, and the same number of non-Catholics enter into the marriage contract with those whose conception of marriage is totally different from theirs."

True words. They deserve to be printed in huge characters as black as a truckload of anthracite, that all our young folk who run may read and ponder well. They are a perfect answer to that eternal Why of

the Catholic youth of marriageable age. Why? Why should the Catholic Church restrict my liberty? Why mayn't I marry whom I please? Why mayn't I marry a non-Catholic? Other churches have no such burdensome legislation; they're broad-minded, truly catholic.

Would that the anonymous author-ess had preserved the tone and perspicacity displayed in that initial paragraph. Alas, ere one has read halfway through the second page, one is forced to admit that it's just the same old stuff; old wine in a new bottle, and the bottle not so new.

But for the fact that the article appears in the *Forum*, and is embellished by several two color illustrations, it might be any of a dozen penny pamphlets circulated by the professional bigots of certain sections of the West and South. There is a more than casual resemblance between the article in question and the second of the series of diatribes by the anonymous apostate priest, which appeared not so long ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*. By his purchase of the latter the eminent Dr. Ellery Sedgwick was gloriously taken in. Can the same be said now of Mr. Leach? It would seem so. "What It Means To Marry a Catholic," gives every indication of being what the publishers of the much talked of "Cradle of the Deep," are pleased to term "romanticised fact." And this despite the usual editorial footnote proclaiming thorough investigation as to authenticity of facts and persons, etc.

After a half dozen or so paragraphs, milady assumes a sort of "ya ain't done right by our Nell," attitude. She would have us believe that she was roped in, and is now paying the penalty, albeit in a sense of honor, and upon principle. Her several grievances may be grouped under three headings: those that concern birth control, those that treat of the tyrannical insistence of Catholic pastors upon support of flocks, and those that criticise the Catholic system of education.

To the last named division she devotes by far the most space. In fact her whole paper might have been entitled "What's Wrong With Catholic Education, by One Who Thinks She Knows." It is then, with her misconceptions and misstatements concerning Catholic education that we shall treat, passing by the first two complaints as specious but harmless.

WE HAVE selected eight salient points for the driving in of our wedges. Others there are, indeed the whole might be riddled by contradictory facts, but these we select as most glaringly erroneous.

First: The author of this frank "confession," writes: "But my opinion—is that methods of teaching in the average Catholic school are inferior to those used in the average public school."

On the table before me as I write is a recent copy of a well-known metropolitan daily. On the front page is a picture together with the story of a little girl from Omaha, Nebraska, Virginia Hogan by name. She is the winner of the \$1,000 prize award for first place in the recently conducted nation wide spelling bee. Virginia is a pupil in the eighth grade of her parish school taught by the Sisters of Saint Joseph.

Not so long ago the University of North Dakota held a contest to determine what school in the state could boast of the highest general scholastic excellence. One hundred and thirteen schools competed. The trophy was awarded to a Catholic school, also conducted by the same Sisters of Saint Joseph. By their fruits shall ye know them. Instances might be multiplied. But we must be brief.

Second: She continues in the same strain, "That the teachers in the Catholic educational system—for the most part monks and nuns—make heroic efforts to keep pace with the other teachers, none will deny—But Romanist habits of mind make complete success impossible." As to complete success the two foregoing paragraphs are ample evidence.

In a small Pennsylvania mining town there is a parochial school con-

ducted by a community of eleven Sisters. Kindly note those qualifying adjectives: a hinky-dink mining town and a parochial grammar school. Several of those nuns possess A.B. degrees from an accredited university, and one is a Mus. B. Show me the country school with a like teaching staff. Show me a grammar school in any of the largest cities in the United States with a like faculty.

This particular parochial school is a modern brick structure and boasts of the very latest conveniences and facilities. A short distance away is a district public school. It is a ramshackle two-story edifice, with a bell tower, and painted the proverbial red. Its teaching staff is composed of a "principal," a young man of some twenty-eight years, and three young lady "assistants." Over the front door is a weatherbeaten sign with the words: "District School Number —." On the facade of the neighboring "Romanist" school is a granite block inscribed: "Saint—'s School, For God and For Country."

Were the author of the article in question, who, besides being one who married a Catholic and the proud mother of four children, is also a former instructor in educational psychology, to pay a visit to the Sisters' College at the Catholic University in Washington, I fear that some of her most cherished illusions regarding Catholic pedagogical inferiority would be punctured. If she be as impartial and unbiased as she claims, then she would be forced to admit that it is the public school teacher who is not progressing; that we Catholics are, after all, just a few paces ahead of the rest in teaching methods, child psychology, and kindred subjects.

NO ONE will accuse the *Boston Evening Transcript* of leanings toward Catholicism. Here is what it said some time ago concerning the public schools of our nation:

"Let us look at those who teach our children. There are approximately 600,000 teachers in our grammar schools. Let these now form a line on the basis of educational equipment . . . now journey along that line, and you will pass at least thirty thousand teachers before reaching the first individual who has had any education whatsoever *beyond the eighth grade* (italics mine) of the common school. Hence one million of the nation's children are confided to

teachers limited to this slender education—One hundred and fifty thousand would be passed before reaching the teacher whose *total* education had amounted to more than *two years* of high school. How many Americans know that *four-fifths* of our teachers have had less than a high school course?—The calling of teaching is more of a procession than a profession."

Why is it that so many daughters of wealth and aristocracy are sent to convent schools? Certainly their parents and guardians desire to give them the very best that money can afford. Certainly they will make comparisons and diligent enquiries before enrolling their young charges. Can it be that they deem the Catholic educational system superior? However, I suppose, one married to a Catholic and the mother of four knows best.

Third: She now tilts with history as taught in Catholic schools. "History taught in Catholic schools seems to be intended to discourage rather than to encourage unbiased attitudes—" I refer this troubled mother to the four volume series of histories for Catholic schools written by Dr. William H. J. Kennedy and Sister Mary Joseph. This is the text used in parochial schools of Archdiocese of Boston, as well as in several other large dioceses throughout the land. None, after reading such histories, can then stand up and say that Catholic histories are bigoted or biased. One can say, and substantiate his statement, that more than one history text used in the public schools is pro-British.

If Catholic histories seem to place emphasis upon Catholic heroes and accomplishments, it is merely to counteract the indifference with which such persons and things are treated with in most histories. Such great Americans as for instance, Charles Carroll and Jack Barry, or those great pioneers of the west coast, the Franciscan Friars, the men who built the Kings Highway, El Camino Real, up which, as a recent author says, "civilization trudged in sandalled feet."

Fourth: Still on the trail of our historians she writes, speaking of the early Spanish, and hence Catholic explorers, "Personal motives and injustice to the natives are ignored." On Page 70, of volume two of the Kennedy-Sr. Joseph series, one may find a marginal gloss entitled: *Treat-*

ment of Natives by Europeans. The appended article tells the truth and shies at nothing.

How many American histories tell the true story of the religious persecutions in Massachusetts, or of New England witchcraft? Yet it's all history. How many tell the truth about the boatload of harlots and *filles de joie* from the streets of London, who came over to the Virginia colony, and became the progenitors of some of our chivalrous Virginians? This event is euphemistically referred to as "the arrival of the young women." How many relate the story of the destruction of the Ursuline Convent in Boston? Or of the Martin Van Buren campaign? Or of the Abolitionists?

FIFTH: She scores the Catholic system as being detrimental to the individual child, cramping independent thought, observation, and action. The flaming youth of today is flagrant evidence of the result of independent thought, observation, and particularly, action. It is just this last that moralists and divines are endeavoring to cure.

As to thought and observation, was little Virginia Hogan retarded from original expression? The Catholic Church believes in a solid, medieval, yes, medieval education, a thorough grounding in the humanities and essentials. She was never responsible for the cures of electivism, whereby a child may choose a course in "art appreciation" or something about as foolish, in preference to some subject which may be necessary in later life. I might mention in passing that Theodore Dreiser is a result of "independent thought and observation" culminating in "action." At the age of seventeen the Church began to cramp his style.

Sixth: The "one who did" throws up her arms in horror when a young seminarian tells her that there is a law of the "Roman" church forbidding those young men engaged in studying for the sacred ministry, to read any secular newspapers or magazines during the scholastic year. Such a regulation she shrieks is "Intellectual murder."

Will this good woman kindly inform us how such a deprivation constitutes intellectual murder? Just what do the daily papers with their long list of murders, robberies, divorce trials, and worse contribute to the intellectual fare? What popular

magazines, aside from those ex professo scientific or professional, which class of reading the obnoxious legislation allows, are necessary for an academic education?

Not a few of the greatest men in the country today, leaders in every field of endeavor, quite boldly state that they never read the newspapers and popular magazines. Yet, they are doing big things for the nation and the world at large.

After all, as Lewis Mumford says, "It's not the man of the world who knows the most about the world—it's the unworldly men [our teaching priests, Brothers, and nuns] who can take the world by the scruff of the neck and shake the bad coins and stolen jewelry out of its pockets."

If a questionnaire were to be sent to all College students, who, no doubt, the mother of four will admit are receiving a good education, are able to read the secular newspapers and magazines, and hence not intellectually murdered, asking them what papers and magazines they read most, what type think you would get the highest number of votes? Would it be magazines after the manner of *Life*, etc., or those such as the *American Journal of Philosophy*? I wonder. Again, what magazines and papers have the greatest sale at the newstands of, let us say, Harvard Square and Morningside Heights. *The New Yorker* or the *North American Review*? *The Evening Transcript* or the *Evening Graphic*? It would seem that the legislation of the "Roman" Church tends rather to prevent intellectual murder.

Seventh: She now adds one more slur to the already accumulated heap cast upon our self sacrificing religious teachers. One meaner than all the rest and one wholly uncalled for. She says that owing to the vow of chastity by which these men and women are bound, they are rendered unable "to attain biological fulfillment." This nasty remark thus lugged in is blatantly indicative of an inbred bigotry and a disordered imagination. We scorn any further comment.

Eighth: As a parting shot she rather casually refers to Catholicism as "a religion belonging to a bygone age" and certainly showing a supreme nerve in endeavoring to foist itself upon the people of today, especially upon our enlightened and emancipated youth.

Once more we call the Sage of

Topmeadow to our aid. "Roman Catholics," he says, "are not behind the times; they are merely behind the scenes." Catholicism be it known, let it be shouted from the roof tops, is no rusty, moss-covered institution of the Dark Ages. Neither is it trying to hide anything from the world. It airs its linens in the broad sunlight of Truth. It seeks no courts in which to discuss any imaginary guilt. Apart from it as a religion it is a vital power devoted to the best interests of mankind. In its history men may read the glorious achievements of heroic men and women in all ages, of great soldiers, great

statesmen, and of greater saints. Which last Protestantism has never produced,—never could produce.

And in these, our hectic times, time given over to bleak industrialism, sordid materialism, easy divorce, and pagan standards of living, Catholicism stands, a city seated upon a hill, unmoved and untouched, still the upholder of the only true morality, still the teacher of the only sane philosophy, still the inspiration of all real art, still the preserver of the deposit of the Faith, still the "white mother of cathedrals and beautiful homes."

Longfellow

By H. E. G. ROPE

CRITICS decry thee, so men say. What then?
Not fashion's slave shall Christian letters be.
And I am of that goodly company,
Thy countless debtors among Christian men.
Dead, thou didst speak unto my youth indeed,
True friend and mentor in my sorest need.

Through thee I learn'd to love the days of old
Ere Luther's brood had ravag'd any land,
When, like the sky, Faith's firmament o'erspann'd
Man's mortal life, and none could fail behold;
The belfried ministers too, the hallow'd tongue
In which God's praises through the world were sung.

In days by pride and doubt endarken'd thou
Didst hold me yet to reverence and awe
In heart still Christian. Though self-will brake law
And bragg'd denial of baptismal vow
Still homeward-yearning memory, coming o'er
Thy words, would turn to Bethlehem once more.

Till all days end thy songs shall go their way
To solace, help, and hearten souls forlorn,
Thou Galahad of poets. Vainly scorn
Assails thee, mocking at thy gentle sway.
By birth's mischance a stranger, none the less
True children of the Church thy name will bless.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

ST. GEORGE AND ST. ELIZABETH OF PORTUGAL

Can you tell me where I can obtain novena prayers to St. George and St. Elizabeth of Portugal?—E. M., BROCKTON, MASS.

Why not buy a copy of the "Raccolta" which contains a collection of nearly all indulgenced prayers and good works. Price: \$3.25. You may order through THE SIGN.

DIFFERENCE OF RELIGION

Can a Catholic woman marry an unbaptized man and have the ceremony performed by a Catholic priest? I asked this question two months ago but as yet I received no answer.—S. O'B., MEDFORD, MASS.

We try to answer questions in the order in which they are received. But so many questions are sent in to this department that it is impossible to answer all immediately. Hence, we ask our readers to be patient. In case of urgency we advise Catholics to consult their pastors or confessors.

Catholics are forbidden to marry non-Catholics, whether baptized or unbaptized, without a special dispensation. If a dispensation is granted the ceremony must be performed by a priest.

SEMINARY: SISTERHOOD

(1) *According to your information which appeared in THE SIGN in June, 1928, the address for the seminary for be-lated vocations is Oriskany, N. Y. I have written there and my letter was returned with the remark that they have moved. Would you please forward the address of the new home?*—W. T. K., QUEBEC. (2) *Will you kindly tell me if the Franciscan Sisters of Mary conduct a novitiate in the United States, and what is the nature of their work?*—A. J. P., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

(1) The seminary at Oriskany, N. Y., which was instituted for the education of men with be-lated vocations, has been closed. Write to Rev. Father Judge, St. Joseph's School, Holy Trinity, Ala.

(2) The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary conduct institutions in New York, Boston, and Providence. If you write to the Sister Superior, 4 Bell Street, Providence, R. I., she will be glad to inform you about the work of the Order.

VACATION PLACES

You mentioned in one of your magazines last year that a certain society is preparing a list of vacation places where Catholics can attend Holy Mass. I should appreciate your kindness if you give me the address of that society, or any advice which you can give me.—A. H., ASTORIA, L. I.

We do not know of any such society or such a list, nor do we remember ever having published anything regarding

it. You will find a large number of summer resorts listed in the Brooklyn Tablet and the Catholic News of New York. Many of them give information regarding facilities for the hearing of Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation.

NON-CATHOLIC MARRIAGES

What is the attitude of the Catholic Church towards non-Catholic marriages?—F. J., TRENTON, N. J.

The Catholic Church does not legislate for marriage except with reference to her own subjects. In order to answer this question we must distinguish the various cases which may arise among non-Catholics in this matter.

First, the marriage of two unbaptized non-Catholics. The union between two such persons is called a natural marriage. In order to enter it validly all that is necessary according to the natural law is to be free from the impediments of the natural law, and to agree to live together as husband and wife. Of course, such a marriage, though valid according to the natural law, would not be recognized by the State, which demands the observance of certain formalities in this contract for the sake of the common good.

Natural marriage has the two qualities of unity and indissolubility, which means the perpetual union of one man to one woman. However, the perpetuity of a natural marriage is not absolute. Though it cannot be dissolved by the will of the parties, it can be dissolved by external authority. Thus, the natural marriage between two infidels (that is, unbaptized persons), can be dissolved by virtue of the Pauline Privilege, that is, when one party receives Christian baptism, and the other party refuses to be baptized, or to live in peace with the converted party. In such a case the convert can marry again, on condition that he fulfills the conditions laid down by the Church for the exercise of this privilege. (See I Cor. 7:12-15.)

Second, the marriage of two baptized non-Catholics is a sacramental marriage. Christ raised the matrimonial contract between the baptized to the dignity of a sacrament. Among them the contract cannot exist without the sacrament. Since the reception of valid baptism makes one a member of the True Church, and since there is only one True Church—the Catholic, it follows that her marriage laws bind all the baptized, except in those cases where the Church exempts them. Thus, non-Catholics are not obliged to be married by a priest when they marry among themselves. As long as they are not laboring under an invalidating impediment, such as the forbidden degrees of blood relationship, they may enter a valid marriage, which on account of its sacramental character, has greater stability than a mere natural marriage. Once a sacramental marriage has been consummated it cannot be dissolved, either by the will of the parties, or by any human power, but lasts till death.

Third, a marriage between a baptized person and an unbaptized person up to Pentecost, 1918, was forbidden under penalty of nullity, the Church, by her authority over the baptized, declaring that difference of worship, or cult, was

an invalidating impediment. Non-Catholics were held to this impediment because of their baptism. But since that time the impediment has been restricted to those baptized in the Catholic Church.

Fourth, a marriage between a baptized Catholic and a non-Catholic, whether baptized or not, cannot be entered into validly without a dispensation from the proper ecclesiastical authority. The marriage must be performed by a priest, and before no one else as a religious ceremony. This is demanded because one party is a Catholic.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

(1) Was the hymn "Lead Kindly Light" composed by Cardinal Newman? If so, was it composed while he was a Protestant clergyman or a Catholic priest? (2) Is it now or has it ever been sung at Catholic services? In general what is the attitude of the Catholic Church towards this hymn?—N. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

(1) "Lead Kindly Light" was written by John Henry Newman while he was an Anglican. On his return journey from Sicily, where he had spent part of his vacation, his ship was becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio. During this calm at sea he wrote the poem. It was on June 16, 1833. Shortly before Newman had been taken down with fever at Leonforte, Sicily, during which he exclaimed: "I shall not die, I have not sinned against the light!" It was this thought which he embodied in "Lead Kindly Light."

(2) The musical rendition of this poem has been sung in Catholic churches, but as far as we are aware there never has been any formal ecclesiastical approval given to the hymn for use in strictly Catholic services. Newman himself stated that Catholics should not sing his hymn, particularly at funerals. At such service he suggested the use of Father Faber's "The Eternal Years." The reason he gave was that his hymn was written by a soul in darkness, whereas Catholics already have the "Light."

LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY

Will you kindly give me some information about the Little Company of Mary? Is Chicago the only city where they are established?—N. N.

The Little Company of Mary trains young women for hospital work and also in the care of the sick poor in their homes. The motherhouse of the congregation is in Rome, and the novitiate and only house of the society in the United States is located at 4130 Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Write to the Sister Superior at the above address for further information.

THE QUAKERS

Will you kindly give me some information about the Quakers?—S. L., NEWARK, N. J.

George Fox founded the Quakers in England in the year 1624 as a protest against the Established Church of England. Their numbers are constantly decreasing. In 1916 the number of Quakers in the United States amounted to 113,772. In 1926 there were only 110,422. The original name of this society was The Society of Friends, which name was due to their practice of refusing to use any titles of honor in their address, calling everyone, both king and commoner, by the name Friend. The name Quaker was added later when George Fox called upon a certain justice to "tremble at the Word of the Lord!"

The cardinal principle of the Quakers is the doctrine of "the inner light." They hold that "the light which enlighteneth every man coming into this world" is sufficient for every man to follow. The inner light is not conscience, but the light in which conscience works. It is the communica-

tion of God to the individual soul. Hence, in the Quaker's religion there are no sacraments, or other external offices in the use of which a man is put in relation to his Creator. There are no services as such, even of preaching. Clergy is dispensed with. The Quakers come together in the meeting house and wait for the working of the inner light upon some one who will break forth in prayer and exhortation, the others joining in or remaining quiet as the inner light inspires. In the United States there are four bodies—the Orthodox, the Hicksites, the Conservatives, and the Primitives.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Thanksgivings are offered to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Blessed Mother of Jesus, St. Anthony, the Souls in Purgatory, Gemma Galgani, the Little Flower of Jesus, St. Francis Xavier, St. Ann, St. Joseph, the Holy Family, and St. Jude by the following: B. F., PORTLAND, ME.; C. M. IRVINGTON, N. J.; E. H., SUMMIT, N. J.; M. E. D., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; E. V. F., HUNTINGTON, N. Y.; A. MCP., ELIZABETH, N. J.; M. T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. J. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. F. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; B. M. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.; A. D., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.; M. H. T., DUNKIRK, N. Y.; M. G. B., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; H. O'K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

The following wish to offer thanksgiving to St. Jude for favors received through his intercession: C. R., ROXBURG, MASS.; A. H., NEWARK, N. J.; J. J. M., LOUISVILLE, KY.; M. J. E., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. G., CORONA, N. Y.; A. G. D., MELROSE, MASS.; M. O'R., PATERSON, N. J.; L. G. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. E. McC., LYNN, MASS.; M. D. McC., WATERBURY, CONN.; M. A. S., BOSTON, MASS.; J. R. H., ROSLINDALE, MASS.; M. McD., CHICAGO, ILL.; N. J. C., PATERSON, N. J.; A. C. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.; M. O'G., CORONA, N. Y.; M. A. H., WINCHESTER, MASS.; M. L., STEGER, ILL.; K. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.; J. W., LOUISVILLE, KY.; H. W., WAYNE, MICH.; A. G., CHICAGO, ILL.; M. D., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; T. A. R., MALDEN, MASS.; E. H.—M. A. T., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.; S. B. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.; K. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. A. W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; C. J. M., WINDSOR, CAN.; C. M. S., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. A. R., NEWARK, N. J.; C. R. C., HILLSIDE, N. J.; E. P., NEW YORK, N. Y.; K. K., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.; S. J. D., EAST ORANGE, N. J.; M. O'T.—M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; L. B. L., NEWARK, N. J.; W. G., MEDFORD, MASS.; L. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; M. E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; M. F. C., CLOSTER, N. J.; J. A. L., BRONX, N. Y.; A. F., NEWARK, N. J.; H. C. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. McL., NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. G., W. NANTICOKE, PA.; M. McL., SCARSDALE, N. Y.; C. M. D., BAYSIDE, N. Y.; E. T.—A. J. S., HAMBSTADT, —; L. P. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.; A. R., LAWRENCEBURG, IND.; P. M. K., LOS ANGELES, CAL.; E. A. K., WESTBURY, N. Y.; E. A. F., EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.; C. J., HAWLEY, PA.; K. P., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.; K. V., NEWARK, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mails brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who have been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

Communications

LIMPIAS CRUCIFIX

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In THE SIGN of May, 1929, A. H., of New Albany, Ind., wanted a book giving information about the Limpas Crucifix. A small pamphlet giving this information, with a beautiful picture of the crucifix, may be obtained from the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo. Price twenty-five cents.

SIoux CITY, IA.

JAMES O'DEA.

THE PRIEST'S BLESSING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I would like to advise R. R., Pana, Ill., in response to the letter published in the *Sign Post* of February, 1929, that the book entitled, "The Priest's Blessing" (the correct title of which is, "Destiny, or the Priest's Blessing"), was written by Daniel Flynn, and published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 3 and 5 Barclay Street, New York City.

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

DORA A. UHLEIN.

MORE PRAISE FOR MISS MCGILL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I not, even at this late date, express my most cordial appreciation of the splendid article in your April Number, from the pen of Mary E. McGill—"An Iconoclast Ventures".

It takes courage to dare question the "food for adult Catholic intellectuals". Years have passed since a lovable Irish priest, Canon Sheehan, wrote: "the cry of every Catholic heart must ever be,—perish art, science, and literature, rather than issue one word that could originate an unholy thought or bring to the cheek an unholy flame". "Literature is the voice of the world," said another great writer. And he adds, "that world against which Christ bade us ever be on our guard".

TIFFIN, O.

HARRY A. MCPOLIN.

A PRESENT-DAY OPPORTUNITY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

We had just finished reading "Pere Marquette Priest Pioneer and Adventurer," my wife and I, and were discussing the hardship encountered, the trials sustained and the privations undergone by that gentle soul and his zealous companions in their quest of the Mississippi. Their perils were numerous, their discomforts (seeming most irksome to us who dwell in solid comfort) were incessant, hunger and famine were never far off and the food (when available) with which they contrived to sustain life was far from a tempting fare.

We agreed that had the opportunity presented itself it would have been a great joy to have shared some of our juicy roasts and crisp loaves with that intrepid Missionary.

Then came your timely letter telling of the famine now prevalent in the Passionist Missions in China. Among those who are doing for the Chinese the same blessed service that Pere Marquette rendered to the Indians so long ago.

After a moment of silence we both said (as if each read the other's mind) "Let us do for the Passionists what we would like to have done for our Jesuit". Hence the enclosed check.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

ANNE AND EDMUND MALONEY.

STREET PREACHING: A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Pausing a few moments last Monday night at the corner of University Place and 14th Street, New York City, I was astonished to hear a speaker there addressing a huge gathering attack all religion in general and the Catholic Church in particular. Some of his remarks were blasphemous, to say the least. At the moment I stopped he was engaged in a heated argument with a man whom he addressed as "Father." I could not vouch as to whether the gentleman in question, though wearing a Roman collar, was a priest or not; however, after exchanging a few stinging remarks, he edged away from the crowd surrounding the speaker and departed. Whereon, the speaker, derided the retreating figure. Then turning to the crowd he shouted, "That's what they can't stand—they are too yellow to argue—they know they're wrong."

I am certainly perplexed. If this man were a priest, why did he create scandal by beating a cowardly retreat from the scene of verbal battle? Certainly, if he deemed the speaker unfit to argue with, he should have kept his peace in the first place; but he gave argument, and his hasty departure under fire was nothing of a good example to the enormous gathering there that night. If he was not a priest—and if he was in union by any chance with the speaker—could not the persons responsible be punished?

As I am a student at New York University, I pass almost every night by that particular corner, and while I have never bothered listening to them much, I notice that this particular meeting takes place almost every night between 8 and 10.

I am a reader of THE SIGN, and in connection with your magazine, I have become very much interested in the proposed spread of Catholic Truth by the street preacher method. There are a few suggestions I would like to make regarding this movement.

1. Why not a small group of men who, ably informed, could attend any such meeting as I have described—mingle with the crowd and refute the speaker—which they could easily do, as his arguments were anything but logical.

2. Why could not a movement be started to first thoroughly educate the Catholics within the fold before attempting to educate those outside. Or it may be stated better that both movements could go along in parallel—the education within and without.

Printed matter on all important points should be made easily available and distributed by each parish at the Sunday Masses or at some other time when the majority of the parishioners are easily reached, and at a small cost.

Series of talks during the weekday nights—say, for example—a series of Wednesday evening talks devoted exclusively to the answering of non-Catholic arguments, to expounding the Catholic view on such current topics as Birth Control, Evolutionary Theory, etc.

I am willing to wager that less than 10 per cent of Catholic laymen can give a half decent idea of what the Church holds in relation to either of these two topics.

If such a plan were followed I believe, we would have a much greater percentage of Catholics ably armed with information with which to answer any non-Catholic arguments.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

H. L. MAGGIOLO.

IN DEFENSE OF SIGRID UNDSSET

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

With "baited breath and whispering humbleness" I rise to the defense of Sigrid Undset and her book "Kristin Lavransdatter." Never has the writer read a more compelling and poignantly appealing book. Of course it is of different times, of different customs and of different morality. It is a distinct shock—of course—to read of the deep religious char-

acter of people in Norway in that century—and yet read of their human frailty. It is distasteful, naturally, to any decent person to read of their transgressions in detail, but over and beyond that is the artistry, the reality and the living-ness of the thing.

Mrs. Undset's descriptions of the Norway country, of its bleakness, its distances, its brooding, its lack of humor, the helplessness of its characters against conditions—are masterpieces. The more lurid passages to which your contributors have so strenuously objected have been handled in an open, frank manner, which is more than can be said of the average modern novel which glorifies wrong doing and couches it in alluring, seductive terms.

The criticism of some Catholics which permits no praise of anything which contains a mention of sin in reprehensible. Sin is on every side of us and at all times, and we do not kill it by refusing to recognize it. The wholesome devout intellect should be able to read a book (provided the book is not written from a wrong motive) separate the chaff from the wheat (as we do daily with our friends) and judge the whole. With this thought in mind, may I venture my humble opinion that Mrs. Undset's book is real literature—and the thoughts it has left with the writer are the wages of sin, the folly of wrong doing, and the beauty of repentance. Could any book do more?

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

MISS MARGARET KLEMM.

FATHER ABRAM RYAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am engaged in gathering material for a biography of Father Abram J. Ryan, poet-priest of the South, and should be very grateful to you if you will be so kind as to publish this letter asking any of your readers who may have letters, clippings, photographs, copies of the Banner of the South, unpublished poems and personal reminiscences of Father Ryan, to communicate with me by writing to me at 433 Milwaukee Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

No one is more interested than THE SIGN readers in preserving the sweet memory of Father Ryan, who in his lifetime was the South's, and perhaps the nation's, most beloved and famous priest, and any assistance they will give me will be greatly appreciated.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

RAMON GEORGE EGAN.

APPRECIATED WHEN PAID FOR

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Clericus" of Harrisburg says he *borrowed* Sigrid Undset's novel and after 150 pages had enough of it. Had the Rev. Father *bought* the book, he might have liked it better. I do wish more of our priests would *purchase* Catholic novels! When one of my plays was a-touring, we always found our severest critics were those who got free seats.

ORRTANNA, PA.

(REV.) WILL W. WHALEN.

CONVERSIONS AND "BICKERING" ARTICLE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Although I have only been subscribing to THE SIGN for five months, it seems like an old friend to me, and I await its coming each month and read it from cover to cover.

I wish THE SIGN would cease to print sarcastic articles about Protestants, for example, the one entitled "The Methodist Oligarchy." I'll tell you why: "Mud throwing" between Catholics and non-Catholics never converted anyone. It is my ambition, and I believe all good Catholics' ambition, to convert every soul in this world to Catholicism, i.e., into followers of Jesus Christ, and members of His one and only true Church.

Personally I believe that liquor is a curse, and I want to see it absolutely wiped out.

My solution for converting the world is this: let every Catholic, through the means of the Sacraments, put himself in a state of grace, and keep the thought forever foremost in his mind as long as he lives, that he must try and persevere in this blessed state. Next: set himself the task of converting at least one non-Catholic: first by the splendid example he is setting, i.e., keeping *perpetually* in a state of sanctifying grace: second, by gaining this non-Catholic's good will; tactfully explaining Catholic doctrine (this presupposes at least a reasonable knowledge of his Faith on the part of the Catholic) to him, and thus by winning his respect, admiration and, finally, love for what real Catholicism and Catholics are, namely the religion and sincere, loving children of Jesus Christ, the non-Catholic friend will let nothing stand in the way of his joining the true Church.

In my own case, I have allotted myself two Protestant and two Jewish friends, to convert, with the grace of God. If I succeed in bringing even one of these into the true Church, I shall be very happy.

I would like to send copies of THE SIGN to some of my Protestant friends, but I cannot do so, while it continues to print bickering articles. Let it contain only noble constructive articles that would please Christ, and then Protestants who read it (since after all they are sincere, fine, normal folks) will plainly see Christ's Spirit reflected there, and they will voluntarily join His Church.

ROXBURY, MASS.

MILFORD HARNDEN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We appreciate the spirit and motives of Mr. Harnden. His suggestions about the personal example of individual Catholics as a means of converting non-Catholics are admirable. However, we are convinced that the "Methodist Oligarchy" is the worst enemy of the Church in America, as it is the greatest menace to our American liberties. Incidentally, the article mentioned was written not by us, but by a non-Catholic.

"GOV. SMITH'S CHURCH"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"I wish I had the time to tell you about the family of Methodists who came in the Church after Al's defeat—all due to his staunch defense of his faith. This happened in Gastonia, N. C. Father O'Brien was called one night to the deathbed of a young lad 19 years old. The priest asked the person who came for him if the sick lad were a Catholic, and was told that he was not. Father O'Brien went to the home, and was told by the parents of the sick lad that he wanted to be baptized the way the Catholics were. Father O'Brien gave him conditional baptism and the last sacraments. The poor boy died during the night, and the parents again sent for Father O'Brien, saying they wanted a Catholic funeral. It seems that after the funeral the priest asked a brother of the lad what had made the boy so anxious to become a Catholic—and the brother told him that the entire family was so enthused over Governor Smith and were so indignant because he was so maliciously maligned that the young brother wanted to become a member of Governor Smith's Church but was taken sick before he could begin instructions. Now, the entire family of "Bishop Cannon's M. E. Church South" have entered the Catholic Church. So you see everything happens for the best, and we can see from the things occurring daily that Al's apparent defeat is only *one* of the many triumphal victories for the Church. How true that old Irish woman's prophecy 'Shure, if you're true to your God—you'll be a king in Heaven.'"

The above is an excerpt from a letter to a friend of mine. It may prove interesting to some of your readers.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

H. M. LYNCH.

The Man of Lost Opportunity

LAST IN A SERIES ON CHRIST'S TWELVE

By F. J. MULLER

THE name Judas was common amongst the Jews; so common, in fact, that there were two of the Twelve who bore it, Jude who is surnamed Thaddeus, and Judas, the Traitor of Keriot. It is to distinguish the traitor from the faithful Apostle that the Scripture invariably mentions the sinister Judas with the addition either of some reference to the treason that perpetuates his name to all time in execration, or else of his birthplace, Keriot.

There is a possible significance in that birthplace incidentally, for it marks out Judas as the only one of the original Twelve who was not a Galilean. Keriot was a town in Judea, and Judas Iscariot, consequently, was the only Judean in the apostolic company of Christ's friends. Of his antecedents, his personal characteristics in early life, his training, his parentage, his friends, his occupation, his likes and dislikes, his instinctive mental and spiritual reactions—of all these we know just nothing.

The Evangelists are entirely silent about the circumstances of his call to the apostolate. We find him enumerated amongst the Twelve, always at the foot of the list; that, and no more. His elevation to the apostolic dignity, his treachery after a few incidents that throw floods of light into the dark places of his sinister soul, and the mode of his death—that sums up the Bible history of one who has made his name a symbol of everything despicable.

There is in any language of modern times no more hated insult than that implied in the attribution of his name. It was not always thus with the name of Judas. It was once a heroic name, since it stood in Jewish history for one of the finest and noblest of manly characters, one of the nation's great God-raised heroes. For all time, however, since the treason of the Apostle, the name is in execration.

It is not easy for a modern who has been educated and trained in the Christian tradition to do justice to the early character of Judas the Traitor. We are inclined to allow the later history of the man to color our

estimate of his character before his elevation to apostolic college. That may be quite accurate, as a matter of fact, but it is scarcely probable that he was always despicable. True, the sacred writer somewhere says he was a liar from the beginning; it may have been from the beginning of his career as an Apostle. At any rate, if he were always all wicked, it would be difficult to explain choice of him by the all-seeing Christ as one of His special friends.

IT SEEMS reasonable to suppose that he had his good qualities, just as the others had their weaknesses. There is nothing to be gained from any viewpoint in exaggerating either the moral exaltation of the saints nor yet the degradation of a Judas. It still remains true that no human being is or ever was entirely bad; such a man never lived, and Judas was essentially a human being. Wicked, it is true, despicable beyond the imagination of ordinary men and women, a liar and thief and hypocrite as well as a traitor—these things he was at the close of his life.

Who shall lift for us the veil in which his youth and early manhood are concealed and show us what manner of man he was when he left his father's house to make his career in the world? Who shall tell what sort of man he was when Christ, for inscrutable reasons of His own, chose him from amongst thousands of better men for the honor and privilege of His special company? Mystery these things are and mysterious they must remain, barring special revelation, till the Day of Doom when he with the rest of mankind will appear before the Judgment Seat of the Redeemer in the eye of all the world.

It has been suggested that the fact that Judas was an alien amongst the Twelve had something to do with his subsequent career because it produced a lack of sympathy between himself and the rest of the Apostles. That can scarcely be true, for we are specifically told by Saint John that Judas carried the common purse, and

surely men, even apostolic men, do not trust their closest approach to earthly wealth to those of whom they are in any way suspicious. He was the treasurer of the company, administered the scanty funds they had or acquired in their wanderings about the countryside in the company of Christ.

It would seem to have been Judas' duty to transact the business of the apostolic body and pay the expenses they incurred in their travels. It would have been thoroughly easy, therefore, for Judas to have made himself an embezzler, as we should call him today, by appropriating to himself some of the common funds. It would seem that is the sense of the Evangelist's assertion that Judas was a thief. It would have been all the more easy since the rest of the apostles, having to a greater or less degree abandoned earthly pursuits and interests, must have been even less inclined to suspicion of one of their own number than ordinary men would have been. Why should they have mistrusted Judas? Had not Christ chosen him just as he had chosen the rest of the Twelve? That would certainly be passport enough with the Apostles.

JUDAS was trusted. He was recreant to that trust. The man who would defraud his brethren and friends, banded together in an enterprise that must undoubtedly have looked like a forlorn hope more than once, is despicable indeed. We have the best of authorities for believing Judas was of that calibre. It would seem that there is even worse to be said in this item of the indictment against Judas' moral character. One of the sins crying to heaven for vengeance is defrauding the poor. Again Judas is guilty. Guilty, not only because Christ and the other Apostles were the poorest of the poor—for did not Christ Himself say he had not whereon to lay His head?—but guilty likewise because through his peculations the alms for the poor of the land were necessarily stunted. A man must be low indeed to steal from beggars and widows and orphans, from the destitute and helpless.

Judas did it, and systematically.

Along with that dishonesty, there was another and a worse variety of dishonesty, the intellectual sort; for Judas was hypocrite as well as liar and thief. We read of him protesting against expenditure, and attributing his opposition to miserably palpably false motives. On the great occasion when Mary Magdalene signified her repentance for misdeeds by pouring over the Sacred Person of Christ the contents of a costly ampule of fragrant oil, it is Judas who murmurs against the "waste." Saint John tells it thus: "Then one of His disciples, Judas Iscariot, he that was about to betray Him, said: 'Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?'" Now he said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and having the purse, carried the things that were put therein."

SIGNIFICANT narration, in terse words! Note the connection apparent in the Evangelist's mind between Judas' miserliness and hypocrisy, and his treason to Christ. He protested, St. John says badly enough, not because he cared for the poor; they were the least of his concern; but because he was a thief. He saw three hundred pence expended in ointment instead of put into his purse; his picayune soul lusted for those pence and he betrayed himself in speech that reveals his inmost character in all its hideous littleness. On that occasion Christ must have spoken to the hypocritical Apostle as well as to the Scribes and Pharisees to whom He addressed His stinging rebuke: "The poor you have always with you, me you have not always." Was there not there a silent invitation to the brooding, money-bound soul of Judas to rise from his degradation as Mary had risen from her sins? "Me you have not always" may well have meant in Christ's mind far more than a reminder of His impending death. To Judas, however, it meant nothing. It was one of the great opportunities for better and bolder things that Judas was constantly missing.

His hypocrisy developed a space, however, as he fell from one depth of deceit to another. It would not be difficult to see significance in the close connection in the Gospels between the murmuring of Judas at the feast in Bethania and the trea-

son. In Saints Matthew and Mark, the narrative goes immediately from one to the other, from the scene when Judas missed his chance to rise out of his fallen self, to that other scene that marks the climax of even Judas' transgressions. He went to the High Priests—he of the Chosen Twelve—to see how good a bargain he could make for the betrayal that his fiendish soul had concocted. He, not the priests, took the initiative in the unholy business; it is the Apostle, not the Jewish priests and their hangers-on, that is primarily blamable in the horrible transaction. To them, it was a mere matter of business, dirty business to be sure, but why should they be particularly squeamish about the methods they used to attain their end if one of Christ's own selected friends was not above such bargaining? The bartering goes on and finally Judas consents to sell the person of His Lord and benefactor for thirty pieces of silver, estimated in today's value at about \$18.00. Opportunity to consummate the treachery is not long coming. Christ gathers His friends about Him for the final feast, a love-feast if ever there was one, and Judas, invited like the rest, pollutes the spiritual atmosphere with the presence of his guilty soul. Is it hard to conjure up that picture? The God-Man, looking His horrible death in the face, beginning already to be, as He Himself said, "sorrowful even unto death," would bolster up the fainting spirits of His friends before the dreadful ordeal begins. His last night on earth, He institutes the Blessed Sacrament, the greatest memorial of His love that even He could give. The face of the treacherous apostle confronts Him amid His act of love, and as He looks deep into that Hell-bound soul, can it be that He fails to call mentally at least to whatever of good there may be left in Judas? It is in vain.

Christ grows more plain and specific. He tells aloud of the treason of one of the company, and immediately the Twelve reveal themselves in one of those unpremeditated, spontaneous actions that tell character so perfectly. They are of course stricken with horror at the thought that one of their number could fall so low. But there is one of them that looks to another in suspicion. They ask, not "Who is it, Lord?" but rather, "Is it I, Lord?" Remarkable testimonial of their moral

greatness! Each of them knows his own weakness well enough to suspect himself before anyone else. Judas, compelled to ask the same question as the others to avoid arousing suspicion prematurely, hears the direct, damning answer: "Thou sayest it; that which thou dost, do quickly." Even then, Christ apparently did not expose Judas publicly to the others; Saint John says they thought Christ's mysterious words had some connection with Judas' business duties in regard to the festival day, or perhaps were an instruction about giving alms to the poor. But Judas knew well enough what Christ meant, and he obeys the command literally. He goes out to consummate his villainy, and quickly. One more chance spurned, one more opportunity to retrace his steps flung from him, as he rushes through the gathering twilight to direct his mob to the Mount of Olives.

The climax of his hypocrisy is reached in the hideous irony of his kiss of betrayal. It is not enough for his low soul to sell his Lord; he must sound the depths of human degradation by betraying Him with the mark of friendship. It is the last act in villainy, certainly. But Christ's great heart is still not full to overflowing from the hatred of his betrayer; Judas greets Him with the sign of friendship, hypocritical as it is. Christ returns the salutation with genuine friendship. Even in that appalling moment when Judas reaches the lowest pit of sin, even then Christ calls him friend. It is the supreme moment, the greatest opportunity and the last. Christ will not have it said even of Judas that he fell because he had no chance to rise. The Savior gives him that last chance to repent of his crime, calls him friend in the midst of it, offers him then and there an unmeasured forgiveness. But Judas is past forgiveness now.

His kiss has been given, his victim is bound and dragged off, and the last act of the stupendous drama of man's Redemption is well begun. The Apostles are scattered after Peter's impulsive attack on Malchus; Christ, surrounded by His enemies, is dragged from one court to another, Peter and John follow Him from afar off into the very court of His judge. And Judas? Judas gets one glimpse of his own soul as it is in reality, and even he is frantic with horror.

He would undo his foul work of treason, flings from him in horror the thirty silvery tokens of his utter baseness, is spurned by even his accomplices in crime with the contempt a traitor always merits, and completes his tale of lost opportunity by suicide.

That is truly the end, the last opportunity. His guilt was enormous before, heaped up beyond all human calculation; he makes it worse now.

The Christ Who had called him friend would have been glad to act as friend if Judas had made it possible. Peter sinned, too, and so did the rest of the Twelve; all of them were faithless when the hour of test came. All of them repented. Judas repented bitterly, indeed, but with what a difference! The Eleven trusted Christ's love; Judas lives only in his treachery and in the contempt and hatred of mankind. His last op-

portunity was gone, missed as were all the others. Time and again in his apostolic career, Christ had offered him chances of better things; Judas missed them all. That note of lost opportunity is the keynote of his whole career; he was constantly spurning chances to rise above himself. The last of them he spurns as he had spurned the rest; he lives in history as the greatest and most ignoble failure in all history.

Personalities of the Month

WHO WERE BORN OR DIED DURING JULY

GODFREY DE BOUILLON

Leader of the First Crusade

THIS great figure of the Middle Ages was born at Bolougne-sur-Mer about 1060, the son of Ida, daughter of Godfrey the Beardless, Duke of Lorraine. The history of his early years has been much distorted by legend and folklore. It is certain, however, that he was elected to succeed his maternal uncle as Duke of Lorraine in 1076.

King Henry IV of Germany took Lorraine from the youthful Godfrey whom he made his vassal. In 1039, Henry restored his title to him. About this time northern France was aroused by the letter of Pope Urban II who besought the Flemish nobility to go on the Crusade.

Godfrey was among the first to volunteer, together with his brothers Eustace and Baldwin. He enlisted many other nobles in his entourage, sold a greater part of his estates, and in 1096 departed at the head of ten thousand knights and about thirty thousand foot soldiers.

The doughty Crusaders reached the valley of the Danube only to learn of the disaster which had befallen Peter the Hermit's followers. Godfrey pushed on, however, and in December reached Adrianople. Thence he set out for the Hellespont and his first conflict with the imperial government. He reached Constantinople where he spent the Christmas holidays.

By PHILLIPS J. SCOTT

After engaging in various battles in the East for nearly two years, Godfrey and his army joined in the siege of Jerusalem in 1099. In July of that year he and his brother Eustace were the first to enter the city. On the twenty-second of the same month he was unanimously elected first King of Jerusalem. According to the chronicles of the times, he refused to wear a crown. Some writers even say that he was never king, but was content with the title Duke and Advocate of the Holy Sepulchre.

In August he succeeded in rallying the dispersed crusading forces and defeated the Egyptians, thus preserving Palestine from another invasion. He now turned his energies to the reconstruction of the port of Jaffa.

In June of 1100, he was stricken with a fever, was placed in the hospital which he had founded at Jaffa, but refused to stay there, setting out for Jerusalem where he died on July 18, 1100. He was buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

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MAURICE DE GUERIN

French Poet and Litterateur

GEORGES MAURICE GUERIN was a child of grief. Like another Augustine he turned from the Faith in early manhood, and his sister Eugenie, a sisterly Monica, followed him in his spiritual dereliction with

her prayers and tears, until his ultimate return shortly before his early death.

He was born at the ancestral chateau of the Guerin family, Le Cayla, in Languedoc, on August 5, 1810. His mother died in his infancy, and upon her deathbed commended the care and solicitude of Maurice, her favorite son, to the oldest sister Eugenie. As a result practically the whole lifetime of this generous woman was devoted to her brother. For his sake, she gave up the idea of entering the convent, a step she was most desirous of taking.

Maurice was sent to school at Toulouse and then to the College Stanislas, at Paris. He thought of becoming a priest, and accordingly went to La Chenaie, where Lammenais had established a school of higher religious studies. He gave up, however, after one year, and returned to Paris, seeking a position.

About this time, a great change came over the young aristocrat, and becoming imbued with false ideas and materialistic views, he left the Catholic Church. He had obtained a position as instructor, and occasionally contributed articles to current periodicals.

His life was saddened by a naturally dreamy and melancholy disposition, and a vague remorse for his apostasy. Though surrounded by a circle of choice and influential friends, in which he had ample opportunity to display his brilliant talents, he suffered from a constant lassitude and ill health.

Towards the end of 1838, he married a charming young Indian girl. This step had a marked effect upon him and probably paved the way for his yielding, a few months later, to his sister's incessant entreaties to return to the quiet of Le Cayla, and at the same time come back to the Faith of his childhood.

This he did in 1839, and on July 19, of the same year he died a pious and edifying death. About one year later his fame as a writer began to grow, when his poem "Le Centaure," appeared in *Le Revue des Deux Mondes*. This was accompanied by an enthusiastic article from the pen of no less a personage than George Sand, who ranked him among the great poets of France. The remainder of his works were not published until twenty years later. Probably the most interesting of all is his "Journal," which was written day by day and sent to his sister.

* * * * *

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD

Writer and Convert

PERHAPS, nowhere was opposition to the Catholic Emancipation Act, whose centenary we celebrate this year, more bitter than that which prevailed among the dons of Oxford. Yet, curiously enough, it was from this very source that renaissance English Catholicism was to receive its next big impulse, in the conversion of William George Ward.

William George Ward was born in London in March, 1812, and educated at Winchester College and at Christ Church, Oxford. He confessed to a lack of appreciation of the finer branches of letters and poetry, but took prizes in them as also in mathematics. Philosophy, however, attracted him, and he was a musician of no small attainments. The stamp of the metaphysician remained with him until the end of his days.

In 1834, he became a fellow of Balliol and later took orders. As instructor in mathematics at Balliol he soon became a powerful influence in Oxford, and much attention was paid to his opinions. The previous year saw the rise of the Tractarian Movement. At that time Ward was an ardent follower of Dr. Arnold, whose disciples were somewhat out of touch with the newer school. But in 1838 the young tutor definitely changed his position, and from a con-

temptuous onlooker, became one of the movement's most fervent supporters.

In 1841 he wrote two masterful defences of the principles advocated by the famous Tract XC. It was now that his consummate skill as dialectician came to the fore, and not only among men of his own standing, but even in his mathematical classes, which often ended in a religious discussion, was the force of his trenchant logic felt. Indeed, so much so that the authorities took fright and deprived him of his tutorship. Thenceforward his attitude was one in which ultimate submission to Rome seemed inevitable.

When Newman retired to Littlemore, William George Ward became the most prominent figure among the Tractarians. In 1845, he was deprived of his university degrees, and in September of the same year was received into the Catholic Church, a month before John Henry Newman. He then retired to Old Hall, near Ware, and taught moral philosophy.

In 1863, he accepted the appointment of editor of the scholarly *Dublin Review*. In this periodical he was a strenuous defender of the claims of papal authority, against Dollinger, as well as a subtle critic of the teachings of John Stuart Mill. In 1869 he, with James Knowles, founded the Metaphysical Society and a year later became its president. The names of such members as Huxley, Tyndall, Manning, Martineau, Ruskin, and John Morley are an index of its worth and influence.

Stepping-Stones

By FLOE B. STRAITWELL

WHEN God sends sunshine, we rejoice,
And bask beneath its rays,
But He Who knows our every need,
Supplies some cloudy days.
Complaining then, we fail to see
How wisely He decides!
The cross we dread and would avoid,
His loving care provides.
For God is good and oft-times sends
The gifts we fear to ask.
We shrink from pain, adversity,
And uncongenial task.
All these but form the stepping-stones
That lead to realms above;
The Son of God has borne the cross,
To show the world His love.

In 1878, ill health forced this staunch defender of the Faith to resign the important post of editor of the *Review*. He retired from public life and died on July 6, 1882.

* * * * *

MARY AIKENHEAD

Religious Foundress

THIS talented and heroic woman was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, on January 19, 1787. Her father was a physician and a Scotch Protestant and her mother was an Irish Catholic.

Mary Aikenhead was brought up in the Established Church but became a Catholic in 1802, a short time after the death of her father who had been received into the true Church upon his deathbed.

Always accustomed to an active life as a growing girl and young woman, and especially drawn to charitable work among the sick and poor, the youthful convert desired to enter a community of Sisters who were devoted to outside charitable work.

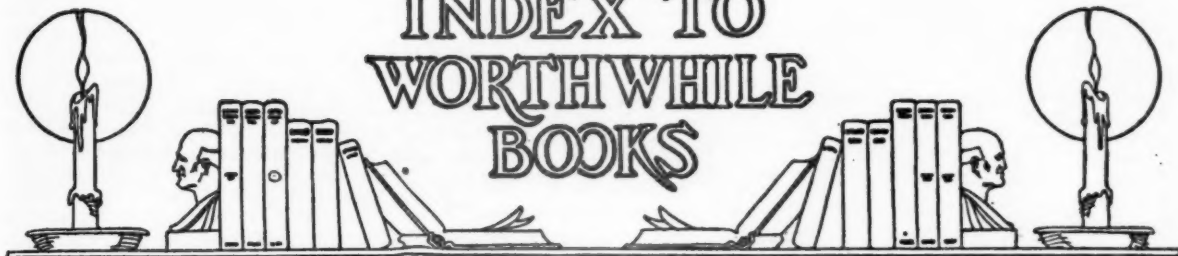
About this time she met Bishop Murray of Dublin who saw in her great possibilities, and looked upon her as the heaven-sent instrument for the carrying out of his plan to found a congregation of Irish Sisters of Charity. Accordingly she made her novitiate of three years in the Convent of the Institute of The Blessed Virgin at York, whose rule most nearly corresponded to the ideas in the mind of the zealous Bishop.

In religion she assumed the name which was hers until death,—Sister Mary Augustine. In 1815, the first members of the newly formed community took their vows. Sister Mary Augustine was appointed first Superior. The following sixteen years were spent in the arduous and often discouraging task of organization and extension. The work of the Sisters was chiefly hospital and rescue work, although it embraced nearly every phase of charitable endeavor.

In 1838, overwork and ill health shattered the once robust constitution of Mother Mary Augustine and left her an invalid. Nevertheless, her spirit was undaunted and she still directed the Sisters, negotiating for new foundations in Australia and France.

After a long period of trial and suffering she passed away in Dublin on July 22, 1858, at the age of seventy-two.

INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

By Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D., S.T.D., Professor of Philosophy and the History of Philosophy in the College of St. Charles Borromeo, Columbus, Ohio. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$3.00.

This volume is a welcome addition to our Catholic philosophical literature. It is not a work of research; it does not expound new philosophical thought. It is an historical account of man's efforts from the very beginning up to the present time, to solve the great philosophical problems. It is, as the author calls it, a "text book for undergraduates." Not that this lessens the difficulties that beset the writer, nor diminishes the praise that is due him. Setting out to supply for undergraduates, whose knowledge of philosophy is as yet meagre and confused, a general history of philosophic thought, he has found it necessary to avoid technicalities and to strain every effort to present to the reader as clear, as simple and as correlated an exposition of the facts as possible. The Bishop of Columbus who has written the foreword says very well: "Doctor Glenn has made a valorous attempt to supply a text book fitted to the needs of the present day college and university student. He has avoided involved and ultra-technical expression; he has presented the story of philosophy in concise, clear, and easily intelligible language and in an attractive style; he has set forth the matter of his work according to a plan that is orderly, obvious, logical, and complete. In a word, he has here prepared a book which seems admirably suited to the requirements of the modern undergraduate student."

And this is no small praise for a book that presents within the small space of 359 pages a history of philosophy which, to quote again from the foreword, "is a critical record of man's investigation of reality; it presents an account of the effort of all ages to attain ultimate truth; it describes the various and often conflicting results of that effort; and it indicates, or should indicate, the continuous character of the development of true philosophy through the centuries."

While necessarily brief, the author has not omitted any of the important schools, ancient or modern. The work is divided into two parts treating respectively of "Ancient Philosophy, or the Philosophy of Pre-Christian times," and "the Philosophy of Christian Times." The first part treats of Ancient Oriental Philosophy, Greek and Greco-Roman Philosophy, and Greco-Oriental Philosophy. The second part treats of Patristic Philosophy, Medieval Philosophy, and Modern Philosophy.

While the author has not burdened his work with what he speaks of as a "distracting documentation," he has appended a well selected bibliography for those who wish to pursue further research on the subjects treated. We consider the work to be of great pedagogic value not only for the undergraduates for whom it is primarily intended, but for all those who are interested in the history of philosophic thought.

FICTION BY ITS MAKERS.

Edited by Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The America Press, New York. Price: \$1.50.

We hope—and it is a bright and heartening hope—that we have heard the last of this crowd of messy definitions and distinctions about Catholic novelists and novelists who are Catholics. The controversy is getting old enough to call its anniversaries—jubilees. When Mother Church has sung her last "Requiescat" over us and we are protected by the legal depth of unacoustic earth, then let the critics begin this chatter all over again if they and the newer generation would like to see reenacted the rare nonsense of our time. It might suggest to an alert editor of a Sunday Puzzle and Novelty Sheet a new game. You salvage a combination of words either from original sources or "at pawn"—something like "eeny meeny meiny mo"—and the fellow who repeats them longest without going crazy wins the prize. But before swearing off the folly of bothering any more about it we would recommend that you read Mr. Frank Spearman's notice on the subject in this compiled symposium.

It will not imperil your sanity; so you can feel relieved on that score. It will clarify your ideas which must be vaporized by now if you have braved the heat of this eternal controversy on the Catholic novel. It will leave you with a little honey, both literary and critical, on your palate.

Between the rock bottom principles of literary philosophy and books in the concrete there is a broad and indefinite territory over which the copy-hunter can roam irresponsibly and pasture with all the recklessness of an unbroken colt. In matters philosophical and religious it is precisely in such an uncharitable region that popular columnists find their fat salaries of a hundred thousand yearly. They will not roll up their sleeves and go down economically to fundamentals. But, then, in a financial sense it wouldn't be economy. It would be too expedite, and their reputations and their wages depend on "in saecula saeculorum" gab.

Our journalists can write for a year—they have—proving that a novel should be an exact transliteration of life as it is. That is, a novel should be realistic. But there have been great novels and entertaining and uplifting, which have not been realistic in the common understanding. They have portrayed life as it should be and have had the effect of baiting readers to make their lives what they should be. In fact, the novel of the ideal is "prima facie" more docile to artistic manipulation for the reason that it is farther from photography. Art is not photographic. There are no cosmic harmonies or melodies to justify calling music realistic in the sense in which some people want to call novelistic art realistic. No one ever heard the rain play "Liebestraum" on the window pane; a blacksmith shop was never so musical as Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." It is the same with painting that is art. It is pictorial but not as a common photograph. Details are blurred and merged into the background; the central significance of the picture is heightened. A Bohemian would not insult his best girl and compromise his technical reputation by making a portrait that was

nothing but a painted snapshot of her. And architecture—a typical woodshed is realistic but it is not good architecture. Good architecture is an idealized shelter expressed in beautiful combinations of building material.

When will an artistic Messiah come along and plead successfully for more idealism in novels and less realism? Are not wage-earning and quarrels with the boy friend and expenses for permanent waves and all that comes after the "twenty-five dollars down" on the automobile enough punishment in the way of realism without having to sit down and read about the same heartbreaking realities for recreation and uplift? Well—there is room for realism in novels. But there is room for idealism too. Let writers deal in one or the other at pleasure and without fear of running into an ambush of criticism for their preference. And let readers read which they choose or both. But we should not make the unenlightened mistake of estimating every non-realistic novel at a discount.

There are people, too—and a whole lot of novelists among them who seem to think that the only worthy purpose a novel can have is homiletic. The novelist is essentially an apostle of some brand of religion or philosophy. His calling is to strut in the boots of Plato, Epicurus, St. Paul, Kant or Ibsen—his rightful heirloom. This thesis creates another opportunity for protracted and befuddling discussion. How many years ago was it that Cicero went bravely to the point and instructed us that a discourse—surely a dignified enough name for a novel—can have either of these purposes, to evangelize, to excite or to entertain? We wonder how many ascetic souls sit down to a novel and take their recreation in being evangelized. We know quite a few who take their novel with their cigar as two equally important buttresses of a weighty existence. If it is not too hard on the novelist we would like to confess that we become quite affectionate towards him because we find him entertaining. If he does not entertain us he is not read. No one will quarrel with anyone for being conscientious; but a very reasonable disgust follows even the novelist who "takes himself seriously."

This volume from the America Press is a bound edition of the symposium of articles by prominent Catholic novelists on the novel, which appeared in the "America" a few years ago. It is a handy encyclopedia of novelist's opinions about their profession. The reader will find herein much that he will not agree with, much which is disputed even among the contributors. He will find the introduction in conflict with one of

the most prominent names represented in the collection. But, swallowing as much as he sees reason for and discarding the rest, he will be possessor of a very estimable education on the novel.

PROGRESSIVE SCHOLASTICISM.

By Bruni-Zybura. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$1.75.

PROGRESSIVE SCHOLASTICISM is another work that shows the deep interest of the author and the translator in the success of Scholastic Philosophy in the thought of today. Convinced as they are and as everyone is, who has had the benefit of Scholastic training, of the truth of Scholastic Philosophy and with the assurance that it is able to interpret the many intricacies of modern thought, they have set forth in this work the problem that is facing Scholasticism today. The problem is not unlike that which faced St. Thomas in the thirteenth century. And in the solution of that problem today there is just as great a need of men of the heroic character that he manifested.

The first part of the work is a justification of the recognition given to revelation by the medieval Scholastics. As the development of modern philosophies has shown, when natural reason alone arrives at the point where it gives no aid in the solution of the supreme problems of life, there is nothing but blankness. Scholasticism was fortunately able to avoid this blankness. It could do so because the supernatural was always looked upon as an aid to nature, revelation was a source of thought above the power of the unaided human mind to attain, faith was not a negation of reason but rather perfective of it, supplying to it the solution of questions above reason. Hence philosophy and faith were distinct but inseparable. Both supplied and touched thought, philosophy a synthesis of natural knowledge, theology, supernatural knowledge.

Scholasticism therefore presented a well ordered system to the world, a system that was admirable in its completeness and extensive in its influence. It possessed the truth and with this conviction it went forth to its greatest triumphs in Albert the Great and St. Thomas. They had to face the opposition of all those who held staunchly to the traditional philosophy of the Church at the time but they met them fully equipped to go through with the battle. They retained what was true in that philosophy but did not hesitate to supplant the rest with what was new at the time.

The problem facing Scholasticism today is very similar with that of Schol-

asticism of the thirteenth century. It is by no means a return to the medieval period in all its phases. Human thought did not come to a standstill with the death of St. Thomas. Therefore Scholasticism must find whatever of truth there is in the modern philosophies and appropriate it as its own. It must show that that truth is itself own to Scholasticism. It need not abandon its metaphysical position but must show that it has inherent powers of development—otherwise it "bears within itself the stigma of its own condemnation."

The author does not minimize the difficulty of the problem that is thus outlined. It is a great problem embracing the many activities of human life the many ramifications of modern civilization. And especially will it lead to the interpretation of history as manifestive of a clearer idea of God, the Prime Mover of all history. As St. Thomas says: "God is the cause and the reason for every operation." (Summa Theol., I, q.civ, art. 5.) And He is therefore to be found in all truth and all history by the New Scholastic. Theology and faith will be no more disregarded in the twentieth century than it was in the thirteenth. Faith will still be perfective of reason.

In philosophy, therefore, the New Scholastic will return not so much to every teaching of St. Thomas—who certainly claimed no infallibility or omniscience—as a return to his heroic spirit and method of working. It is the work not of a commentator on St. Thomas but a discussion of thought, of truth as taught by him and others since his time down to the present day. The New Scholasticism will therefore be eclectic, not adopting all the new nor abandoning all the old. It will be a happy combination of progress and tradition. This will be possible because Scholasticism has not only a perfect element but also a perfectible element. The perfectible element will make Scholastic Philosophy mobile, ever alive to progress. This perfectible element will consist in the proof of the influence of Scholasticism in the history of the modern world. And in it all will be the thought of God, the philosophy of philosophies, above all systems, to be confused with none, the *philosophia perennis*.

Progressive Scholasticism merits the careful attention and reading of all who have at heart the development of real thought in modern life, a true interpretation of that thought and the facts of life, leading to faith and revelation as necessary for the solution of problems beyond reason alone.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



IN THE summer of 1888 a neighbor farm boy left middle Indiana to work his way west and south intending to circle back through the big cities of the East and be home to help with next year's crops. His last letter was from Vanish, a small town on the Gulf coast. After a few weeks without any message his anxious parents asked me to search for him.

At Vanish I learned that he had boarded with a widow who had two sons about his age. When leaving he said that he might not return that way and proposed that the landlady take his boat in payment for his lodging. Urged by her boys she agreed, and helped him to make a shoulder-pack of his clothes and a few trinkets which he peddled between odd jobs that came his way. He left a hazy impression that he was going to work around toward a city where he could renew his peddler stock and, possibly, trade for a light rig. Further inquiry in Vanish developed only that he was well liked and respected for industry and good will.

After several unsuccessful journeys into the region he was supposed to be canvassing I returned early one evening. At the general store I purchased "a large sack of fresh roasted goobers" and a paper of gaily striped peppermint stick candy, evening meal; and sat upon a stump by the side fence. In the next yard the little four-year-old daughter of a young colored couple was intently watching me as she had at every opportunity. She was very shy but finally came over to me. I gave her some goobers and several sticks of candy. She hugged the treasure tightly and spoke for the first time: "Your boatman went to the haunted sun parlor."

"Where?" I asked.

The Haunted Sun Parlor

By JOHN CROWLEY

"Over to Nowhere;" she replied. "Now cross you heart."

So I gravely crossed my heart and hoped to drop dead if I ever told a living soul; whereupon she ran home in a panic at having told.

Supper over I announced that I should rest the next day, and accompanied the two boys to the store where a sociable neighborhood group met me with sympathetic friendliness. Eventually we were joined by a young farmer who, when asked how he was succeeding with his clearing, responded,

"Very well; but I must drive over to Nowhere tomorrow. I've been hoping that some one of you would go along for company."

No one volunteered, so, after a decent interval, I mentioned that I was going to rest next day and would be glad to make such a trip. My proposal seemed to shock the whole company, but the young man quickly recovered his poise and formally expressed pleasure over it. Some of the others awkwardly attempted to discourage me but he cut them short with,

"Oh, well, he has to search the whole country anyhow and had as well see Nowhere now as any time."

Next morning we started early, for it was a long drive and we would have but a couple of hours in Nowhere unless we were content to be very late returning. When the accommodating youth appeared in a light spring wagon I brought out my valise, remarking that I might stay over night and come back by the boat that made weekly trips along

the coast. My kind hostess brought out a lunch saying we had as well eat while the team did at a convenient spring near Nowhere. We waved goodbyes and set out on a very pleasant drive.

At the spring while we waited for the horses to finish eating I strolled down the little brook that flowed from it. Hearing animated voices I approached an intervening clump of bushes, thinking to question the screened speakers. They did not hear my steps in the soft soil and as I was about to warn them of my approach one exclaimed! Neither of us had the nerve to ask that old cashier about the one hundred dollars reward for sleeping in the haunted sun parlor; but we've done fairly well in these parts anyhow."

"Yes-s," came grudgingly from the other, "but the moon's full to-night and we'd as well got that, too. The old skate had me bluffed when I went into the bank so I can't blame you, either."

Unobserved I stole back to our conveyance and was soon riding through main street in Nowhere. My companion was hurrying past the bank when I stopped him, observing that I wished to make some inquiries as to remaining over night. Utterly taken back, he could only stare as I warmly thanked him for bringing me over and assured him that I should be there when he started for home. Carrying my valise I walked into the bank, intent on solving the deepening mystery. At the cashier's window was a typical southern gentleman in his sixtieth year. He answered my, "Good morning" cordially and waited for me to continue.

"Is there a one hundred dollars reward for anyone who spends the night of the full moon in a sun parlor hereabouts?" I demanded.

He turned deathly pale and his voice shook as he replied,

"Yes, sir."

"Is it a reasonably safe and respectable location?" was my second query.

"It's on the third floor of my home," came the answer.

Now I was nonplussed, realizing how abrupt and inconsiderate had been my approach. After a pause he resumed sadly,

"My grandfather in his will made provision for the reward and positively directed that I should neither encourage nor discourage any applicant. However, kind relatives, neighbors and friends ward off all investigators they reasonably can. Yet I am glad that I am free to offer hospitality since you seem to have just arrived in our little city."

"May I first explain in strict confidence why I came?" I countered.

He demurred that he and his family should feel better if I would allow three discreet witnesses. Helpless under his courtesy I, with poor grace no doubt, consented that a lawyer, a doctor and a leading merchant be called into the inside room where protracted business might be transacted in comfortable privacy.

The four attentively perused my letter of introduction from my home county officials after which I presented a photograph of the missing youth. The merchant, who was nearest, gave one glance at the picture and dropped it in consternation. The cashier resignedly took it up, examined it carefully, and with a sigh passed it on. No one spoke till the doctor silently handed it back to me. Then I said,

"Gentlemen, I consider it my duty to let my worried neighbors know by this evening's mail where I am and that I propose to investigate the haunted sun parlor. Also I shall arrange that a telegram be sent tomorrow morning to a mutual friend, whatever happens. I shall not ask any more questions and with your kind permission, shall leave for a little while to say a parting word to the young man who kindly gave me a lift on the road over from Vanish. Upon my return you may tell or ask me anything you think necessary though I feel honor bound to shield those who guided me hither." Perplexed silence was the only consent, yet I went out leaving my valise. My messages, a box of candy for the landlady, and some cigars for my friend occupied my time till he

came driving back, when I merely explained that I should let the friends at Vanish know if anything prevented my return by the boat. There was mute questioning in his eyes but I parried lightly with some current slang;

"Just tell them that you saw me but I didn't make any dust." At his hurt look I went on earnestly, "Neither you nor anyone at the boarding house is responsible for my coming. If necessary I should have walked over today."

Gratefully he grasped my extended hand and drove dejectedly away.

In the bank the four greeted me smilingly and the cashier said,

"We've decided to let you tell what you wish and enjoy our hospitality as best you can."

I told them that no one even suspected that I had ever found the weakest clew to guide me to Nowhere, and that by mere chance I had learned only the fewest facts calculated to prompt my coming. Our time passed in agreeable conversation until a Negro, a man-of-all-work, came to drive his employer and me to an imposing home whose third story had a fine sun parlor on the south with a large grill room, a stair landing and a couple of dressing rooms to the north. The Negro's wife, who was maid-of-all-work, took my valise while I was welcomed by a charming hostess and her two charming daughters. Shortly three fine sons came home and were very cordial if rather grave over my errand. I surprised tears in the eyes of the mother when I inadvertently glanced her way while talking of their beautiful home and grounds which looked upon an arm of the bay. She was a second wife and the boys explained that an older set of children had received most of the original plantation, so they all had to work at home or outside as opportunity offered. During dinner, which was enjoyable in every sense, I had to describe Indiana life so much that it was an effort to glean a few pertinent facts about the neighborhood without reminding them of my quest.

After the meal our cheerfulness continued. I smilingly refused any drink or tobacco and at nine o'clock apologized for retiring. Then anxiety returned to my entertainers. The father and sons accompanied me to the sun parlor, inspected it thoroughly and reluctantly bade me "good night," remarking that I'd find

some warm coffee over the spirit lamp in the grill room with a lunch handy in case my sleep was broken.

A curtained bed was ready in the northwest corner of the sun parlor. I locked a closet door at the bed's head, hastily repacked my valise, and arranged my clothes on a couple of chairs against the closet door. I shoved my open valise with ready revolver under the bed so that the curtain concealed it and I could readily grasp the weapon. The full moon was flooding my quarters with effulgence and I arranged the curtains to shadow me without obstructing my view of the room. My prayers over I lay down and, being tired, drifted quickly into a refreshing sleep.

I DREAMED that a party came trooping in from the grill room. There seemed to be eight youthful couples dressed like those we see in illustrations of the Forties and Fifties. After them in more modern everyday clothes came six men ranging from middle age to beardless youth, and my missing friend was the last of the six. In the fireplace bright logs blazed cheerfully, their glow bending magically with the glorious moonlight. One gentleman graciously apologized for the intrusion and hoped that I'd not be inconvenienced if they danced awhile. Of course I expressed a genuine pleasure for the only outré feature was an enormous dog that followed them in. He might pass for a vicious hybrid of St. Bernard, wolf hound, and large mastiff. He lay down near the northeast corner of the sun parlor and kept a baleful eye upon us all.

Meanwhile it seemed that the noises of the night arranged themselves into a spritely air and the eight couples danced. The six extra gentlemen kept me company with light pleasantries but I sensed that they would not welcome any intimacies. I was satisfied thinking that I could get a private word with my friend later on. After the dance all gathered about me for a rest and six ladies changed partners. A seventh lady winningly invited me to dance with her which did not appear at all incongruous, yet because of some subconscious restraining influence I pleaded fatigue; and, I thought, detected great relief in her eyes as she glanced uneasily at the dog which seemed to glare in displeasure.

The six gentlemen who had relin-

quished their places, chatted with me even as they and the dancers warily watched their surly guardian. When this dance ended all gathered for another respite. The second lady, who had not changed partners, lingered with my rejected fair one after the third dance began. Again I refused to join the festivity and, greatly relieved, my charmer hastily returned to the floor. The other young lady, as though in defiance, lingered and remarked, "You have a beautiful tie." The tie draped over the back of a chair, had been given to me by a sister of the youth I sought with the earnest injunction to keep it near me day and night. Upon it Mother had sewed a tiny gold cross.

Despite all this some influence prompted me to respond with a popular slang phrase, "Why not try it on the dog?" Instantly a gleam of mischief not unmingled with sudden hope flashed into her eyes and taking the tie by both ends she twined it into a loose loop and approached the brute which was glaring ferociously at my rejected partner who kept to the far end of the room and watched the mischievous one with bated breath. Her attitude checked my half uttered protest that I was only joking. The daring miss approached to all appearances without attracting the dog's particular notice and deftly dropped the looped tie over the threatening head. Abruptly my dream snapped off.

THE moon well past the meridian still flooded the room but was not so entrancing without the vanished scene of gaiety. Thus I was about to turn back to slumberland hoping the dream would return when the aroma of coffee reached me and I decided to have some lunch first. Donning an old linen duster and a pair of carpet slippers which an obliging neighbor had loaned for the trip, I went softly into the grill room and in short order had a fragrant cup of coffee, a couple of generous sandwiches, a quarter of mince pie and a goodly section of marble cake before me with pickles, preserves, etc., conveniently at hand.

I probably made some little noise, for just then I heard my name called tremblingly from the head of the stair. A cheerful "Come in" brought my agitated host before me and in pathetic relief he sank into a chair opposite. Almost at once his wife called up, asking if the others might

join us. The husband looked for my decision so I said that while not dressed for company I should welcome their presence. All came up in much the same informal costumes and were greatly reassured by my prosaic preparations for eating, when a sudden loud knocking below rooted them to their chairs. They raised protesting hands and voices as I rose to go down; but thrusting my revolver into the capacious ulster pocket, with finger on the trigger and a murmured prayer, I descended, unbolted the door, and stepped back into the shadow as I flung it open.

OUTSIDE were the merchant, the doctor, the lawyer, and quite a group of men and women mostly in as unpoetic garb as myself. They peered timidly in and the lawyer hesitatingly asked if anything had happened.

"No," I answered, "only I awakened in the midst of a glorious dream and was just about to partake of a light repast hoping to dream again, haply in the same vein."

They seemed embarrassed until the host called down,

"Tell them all to come up, if they wish, and we'll hear the dream."

I apologized again for my raiment, but they waived that; and, all others refusing to join me, while the hubbub of settling the company comfortably went on, I took to my food with great gusto. The negro maid poured a third cup of coffee before the bustle ceased and an irrepressible young lady exploded in an uncontrollable "Ha, Ha, A light repast!" All gradually joined in the merriment which greatly relieved the tension and made it easier to relate my vision.

Everyone listened, perfectly absorbed. At the close many took turns questioning me about the characters and all the minute details of features, dress and jewelry that I could recall. At length the lawyer burst out "Where's that necktie?" In order to provide more seats for the visitors some one had hung my clothes over the head of the rearranged bed, which became a comfortable double sofa, but no one made a move to satisfy the lawyer's curiosity till I went to hunt it up. Much relieved to find it uninjured I passed round holding the tie before each. Not even the lawyer offered to touch or to take it from my hands, though several made polite comments on its

beauty or on the tiny gold cross Mother had added.

IT SEEMED that no one could think precisely how to ask what was on the tip of every tongue, before I hung it up again about the bed post and thoughtfully resumed my seat. An awesome silence gloomily settled over the assembly. Ultimately the host tentatively observed that it might be well to recall his grandfather's story and then discuss what course to take. No one objecting he went on:

"My grandfather had studied the eastern philosophies and was passionately fond of dogs. He often said that if he were incarnated in another life he'd like to become a large powerful dog with great spirit. He resented all jokes on that point. Another of his hobbies was early marriages; and when eight couples of his more and less distant relatives disappointed him he, shortly after building this home, gathered them here in a house party threatening that if they did not quickly pair off he'd harry them in life and if possible after death and compel them to mate with any he could gather from the byways and hedges. Naturally they resented and resisted if only passively. One day he took them for a sail on the gulf with only himself for a crew. A severe storm arose suddenly and nothing was ever afterward seen of the staunch little sloop or of anyone on board.

"No doubt my grandfather was insane in some respects for when our lawyer read his will he had left a sum to insure a reward for anyone who would sleep in the sun parlor on the night of the full moon, when he believed that ghosts could walk. Such a bequest kept most people away.

"Before you, only six have tried; and all save your friend disappeared permanently after incoherent ramblings about promising a young lady to join her party. That young man went insane in the sun parlor and died at ten o'clock next morning though apparently fully composed after a priest had been called to prepare him for death. He had repeatedly asserted that the young lady with the diamond locket had told him that he must join the revellers by ten. For some reason he had given a fictitious address in a Kansas town that moved bodily and changed its name years ago, so we tried in vain to reach his relatives

His effects are here and our friends in Vanish were planning to get them to you without revealing our tragic secret. He sleeps in a quiet corner of our cemetery blessed by the priest for his grave.

"None of the other sleepers rest here but you've described them all with fair accuracy and given the significant decoration that each ascribed to his summoning charmer. You should know also that any applicant is allowed only three trials so you must decide whether to spend two more months with us. We should welcome you gladly for we selfishly hope that you can lay the ghost and we all sympathize deeply with your neighbors, besides appreciating your presence."

Most of the gathering being relatives, a general discussion started and continued till broad daylight. I told them that I must hasten home but would like to spend the following night in the sun parlor. This was tardily agreed to; so, after sending notice of my changed plan to my landlady at Vanish, I helped with the farm work, as much to escape gossip as to be thoroughly tired for sleep.

The second night the dream continued: only now all the company were radiant with joy. The six unaccompanied men stayed only for a brief interval and waved a triumphant toast as they floated gently away toward the marble cross in the graveyard. But the great, surly dog was absent. Instead, in ancient garb, was a counterpart of my host. He alone spoke to me, but all looked sympathetically exultant as he said,

"Tell my grandson that he must take you fishing to our secret ground. Then he may buy a luxurious pleasure vehicle for I shall trouble him no more, thank God!"

CHOING the ejaculation I awoke, and was amazed to see a number of my new friends keeping watch around me. They declared that they couldn't stay away, and impatiently demanded what I was thanking God about. Upon hearing the conclusion of my dream my host was so overcome that the doctor worked and watched over him the remainder of the night. In his calmer intervals he told for the first time how he had quarreled with his grandfather over coercing young folks spending money to adorn the young ladies when my host felt that he, the successful plan-

tation manager, deserved a fine new pleasure vehicle. An anxious group awaited the turn of events, talking quietly over every phase of the dream.

The patient rallied at daybreak and partook of a light breakfast, after which he insisted on going to the bank for his usual daily tasks saying that in the accustomed routine he could better consider matters and plan a fishing trip for relaxation. I returned gladly from work for they did things differently, and my enthusiastic efforts to learn and help brought a dreamless sleep in the sun parlor much to the gratification of a self-appointed guard.

Next day a selected crew started in a steam launch on the fishing trip. Being a poor sportsman I was permitted to peer into the depths all around trying to see the bottom. The others were amused by my methodical observation even while tacitly expecting me to discover something. None objected when I requested that the boat be allowed to drift slowly to some other location. At length a keen sighted young lady who had grown tired of fishing asked:

"What are you trying to make out?"

I pointed to a swaying shadowy bulk and she said,

"It looks like a whale swathed in sea weed."

Others tried to identify the elusive object, and the host finally called for volunteers to dive down and inspect it. Two young men in bathing suits shot down through the warm quiet water. Upon returning they whispered together before announcing that

they were not sure and would go down again after a rest. One of them remarked,

"We have plenty of time for I believe that approaching smoke is from a wrecker which the merchant said he intended to bring out after us to drag the bottom."

ANOTHER attempt told nothing definite. A second couple went down persevering with no better result till the wrecker drew near. It quickly brought up the missing sloop fouled by all its years in the warm gulf waters. The wreck was easily floated and we slowly steamed back to Nowhere. Examination revealed the skeletons of the entire party with such appurtenances as would not rust or decay. In addition were a number of rough oyster shells a few of which held valuable pearls embedded in ooze. Consequently all the slimy mud in the sloop was carefully washed away and yielded several more—in all quite a few thousand dollars worth.

Possibly the old gentleman had taken the party to some secret bed of pearl oysters hoping the adventure would be a bond of union to further his plans for the ill-starred youth. In due time the court awarded the salvage to my kind host and, since there was an unexpectedly large sum of gold in the strong box, he was enabled to retire in comfort. With all due tenderness and respect the mortal remains were prepared for burial. A large crowd attended the service and many tears were shed over the pitiful tragedy of long ago. After this impressive Christian rite the community was satisfied that the sun parlor would be haunted no more.

Promptly, with my friend's belongings and a picture of his grave, I started homeward by way of Vanish. I took the little colored girl a family of dolls all dressed up, and a "generous money poke" full of nickels to buy goobers and candy. My arrival at home was truly sad. While the grim reality seemed less terrible after the agonizing suspense, it was very slowly that the relatives became reconciled to their loss. Long afterward the sister told me that she had made the necktie herself, and that in it she had enclosed an Agnus Dei wrapped in a bit of parchment on which was written a scriptural prayer: "May the Lord watch over thee in thy goings out and thy comings in, and keep thee in all thy ways."

Not Only of My Sorrows, Lord

By JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

NOT only of my sorrows, Lord,
But of my joys as well,
Of happy hours come from Thee
My lips in prayer should tell.

Not always as a suppliant, Lord,
Do I bend low my knee,
But pouring out my heart in thanks
For all Thou givest me.

I bring Thee, Lord, my little joys,
For this, my dear belief,
That Thou wouldst share my happiness
As well as share my grief.



Our Three American Martyrs

BECAUSE of pressing business here in Chenki, Father Miles and I left Shenchow on Friday, May 3rd. We arrived here the next evening. We were unable to remain for the funeral of our four departed Brothers. Father Constantine Leech, C.P., who died of typhoid the day after our three Fathers were slain, was buried with them. Fully aware of how anxious you are to hear the story of the horrible and inhuman killing of Fathers Walter, Godfrey and Clement who met their deaths en route to Yuanchow, I am writing this succinct account.

At the close of their annual retreat held at Shenchow from April 9th to 17th, Fathers Clement, Godfrey and Walter made preparation for their journey to Yuanchow. Father Clement was to take charge of the Mission there while Father Timothy, the pastor, was to go to Shenchow for the

By ANTHONY MALONEY, C.P.

retreat to be held from May 7th to 15th. Fathers Godfrey and Walter were to care for Father Quentin's Mission at Kienyang while he made his retreat. Owing to a heavy cold

developed the day prior to the date set for starting the trip, Father Walter was delayed two days at Shenchow. Father Godfrey remained with him in order that he might accompany him on the journey. Father Clement set out alone for Chenki where he was to await the arrival of Fathers Godfrey and Walter. He reached Chenki on April 18th. Fathers Godfrey and Walter, the former traveling on a mule and the latter in a chair, left Shenchow on Sunday, April 21st, and arrived in Chenki the following evening.



REVEREND FATHER WALTER COVEYOU, C.P.

AFTER being assured that the route was safe from Chenki to Hwai Hwa Hsien (the half-way place between Chenki and Yuanchow where soldiers were stationed) the three Fathers arose very early and after Mass and breakfast set out on their journey at six o'clock on Tuesday morning,



REVEREND FATHER GODFREY HOLBEIN, C.P.

April 23rd. They promised to telegraph the missionaries at Chenki on their arrival in Yuanchow. The party accompanying the priests was made up of two out-riders, five carriers and three Christian boys.

ABOUT three o'clock Thursday afternoon one of the carriers who had accompanied the Fathers came into our Chenki Mission saying that the priests had been captured by bandits and he feared they had been shot. He said that he had heard four shots from the place where he and the other carriers were held under guard. Later Father Godfrey's boy, Hwang Tien I (Peter), arrived. He said that he had witnessed the shooting of Fathers Walter and Clement but had gone into a swoon before Father Godfrey had suffered the same fate.

On receiving the horrifying news, word was telegraphed immediately to our Fathers at Shenchow, Yuanchow, Yungshun and Supu. The magistrate of Chenki was promptly informed by an official document. The local military was likewise notified. That night the magistrate dispatched a body of sixty soldiers of the Chenki

Home Guard to Hwa Chiao, a village of 65 or 70 houses, distant 81 *li* (about 27 miles) from Chenki.

Early the next morning Father Miles and I set out for Hwa Chiao, accompanied by an escort of soldiers. Shortly after our departure Pu Yin Chang, head of the military at Chenki, left for Hwa Chiao to assume personal charge of the finding of the bodies. We arrived at Hwa Chiao at 4:30 P. M. A short distance from the village the *Lien Tsang* (military officer) left a small guard to accompany the priests, and, taking the other soldiers together with the Chenki catechist and the carriers who had accompanied the three Fathers, went up into the mountains to investigate. They knew that the place where the murder had been done was approximately five miles up the mountains from Hwa Chiao. In that vicinity the soldiers searched until they came to a spot where the tall grass was trampled. There they found the mouth of an abandoned copper pit resembling a well, on the edges of which were stains of blond. On a nearby bush was hanging part of a human brain. The pit was about three feet in diameter and

about 60 feet deep. At that hour it was too dark to make any exploration of the pit. After leaving a guard to watch the place, the soldiers returned to Hwa Chiao. On their way they fired at an armed Chinese on a neighboring hill but, exhausted by an all-day march, they did not pursue him.

THAT night plans were made to go out on the mountain to recover the bodies. Saturday morning, accompanied by about fifty of the soldiers and over two hundred men from the surrounding countryside, we started for the pit. On arrival, contrivances were made for two Chinese to descend into the pit. In spite of the strong sunlight, the bottom of the pit was not visible from the surface. For a few dollars, two of the Hwa Chiao men consented to go down into the pit. They were let down by ropes, and after much delay and effort one of the bodies, that of Father Clement, was brought up. He was partially clothed in riding trousers, underwear and socks. Delaying only long enough to identify the body, we at once wrapped it in a blanket brought for the purpose. The next body to be fetched up was that of Father Godfrey, which was similarly clad, save for the lack of socks. We wrapped him in a blanket in like manner. Last came Father Walter's body. The bandits had removed his riding trousers leaving him in underclothes and a light outside shirt. Due to having lain in that pit for almost three days, the bodies were swollen from the water in the pit, and in otherwise bad condition.

Carrier, Su Pi Sen (he returned with the Fathers and soldiers to Hwa Chiao) declares that he saw other wounds on the bodies of the priests, which made him believe that knives or swords had been thrust through them. It may be that either the bandits or the townspeople used swords or spikes in throwing the dead bodies into the pit. Father Godfrey died nearest the pit—hence was thrown in first; then Father Walter next nearest, and lastly Father Clement, who was shot perhaps fifteen feet from the mouth of the pit. The type or model or gun used for the shooting is called in Chinese *Ma Chiang*.

By three o'clock the dead bodies had been brought back into the village of Hwa Chiao, being carried down the hill on bamboo poles—the bodies wrapped in blankets. The sol-

diers then called carpenters and made them prepare wooden boxes—siding from the houses were torn off and used for this purpose. Early on the morning of April 28th, Father Miles and I with a guard of soldiers started back to Chenki with the bodies arriving at the Mission that same evening. It is beyond question that the killing of the three Fathers occurred in Chenki Hsien. As soon as the bodies had been brought in a representative of the Chenki magistrate, a Mr. Chang Fa Kwan, came and officially viewed the bodies. The following morning the bodies were put in coffins (Chinese made) and shipped to Shenchow.

FOR the story of what happened to the missionaries from the time of their arrival at Hwa Chiao on Tuesday afternoon, April 23rd, we must rely on Father Godfrey's boy, Hwang Tien I (Peter). He was an eye-witness of the scene in the inn at Hwa Chiao, and of the capture and murder of the missionaries. Peter's story is as follows:

About 4:00 P. M. the priests arrived at Hwa Chiao, a village of about 65 houses, located in Chenki Hsien. It was market day. They at once made arrangements for board and lodging for the night in an inn conducted by Mr. Nieh and his wife.

All went well until 10 o'clock P. M., when Mrs. Nieh asked the priests to settle the accounts for lodging and food. The money was given her. This reckoning of accounts at night is not an extraordinary incident in China but the fact that as soon as this landlady received the money she requested the priests and their party to leave her house because, as she said, "bandits are coming," aroused their suspicions. This incident may help later to clear up the case. One carrier, Mr. Su Pi Sen, says that Mrs. Nieh afterwards retracted her alarming remarks about the coming of bandits.

Shortly after this two men with guns entered the inn and requested the Fathers and those with them to give them their names. This aroused no fears or suspicions in the Fathers as this is a customary procedure when foreigners come at night to a Chinese village where there is stationed a Home Guard. The two armed men proceeded to examine the priests' baggage—a rather cursory examination; several questions were asked the Fathers as to where they came from that day, whither they

were going, and the plans for the next day's travel. The two men then left the inn. Naturally the Fathers inquired of the landlady who these two men might be, and were told "they belong to the Home Guard." This answer dispelled all fears.

At about 11 o'clock two shots rang out in the night. Two of the carriers, the priests and the boys got up immediately. They were frightened and asked the lady of the inn who fired the shots. She replied that it was the Home Guard soldiers giving the signal of safety (*fang sao*). In the light of after events we know that these two shots were a signal to the other bandits, as Mrs. Nieh shortly left the inn and went out into the darkness of the night. Her action followed a threat by the priests that if any harm should come to them in her house she and all her family would suffer, as well as all the other people in the village. The final outcome proves that she was guilty, as the military took her and beheaded her in Chenki for her part in the waylaying and killing of the three Fathers.

During all this time from the beginning of alarming reports as to the

coming of bandits until midnight the priests were trying in vain to get the inn-keeper or his wife to go with the boy, Hwang Tien I (Peter), to the Home Guard of Hwa Chiao. After almost begging this favor the inn-keeper and the boy, who carried the priests' visiting cards, went to the chief officer of the Home Guard. But he refused to meet them, those of his household saying that he was not at home. The party then went to bed again.

WE MAY wonder why the priests did not make preparation to leave the town and return to Chenki. But this was next to impossible at that hour of the night, and in view of the fact that soldiers (bandits) were on guard escape was impossible. The reason why the head of the Home Guard refused to interview the Fathers was that he feared to put himself in a difficult position with the bandits. Were the exact truth known this officer of the Home Guards was himself "in" with the bandits. By now the priests knew they had fallen into a trap, and, as it was futile to attempt an escape from the inn, they determined to get



REVEREND FATHER CLEMENT SEYBOLD, C.P.



AT THE EXTREME LEFT, HWANG TIEN I (PETER) FATHER GODFREY'S BOY (19 YEARS OLD) WHO WAS AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE SLAYING OF OUR MISSIONARIES

an early start on their way the next morning, hoping to be well on their journey before the bandits could waylay them. The city of Hwai Hwa was only eight miles away and they knew that a military escort could be obtained at this stage of the road.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 24th, the Fathers took a hurried breakfast of coffee and milk. The carriers and boys did not eat, intending to take their morning meal at Hwai Hwa. The party left the village of Hwa Chiao a half-hour after daylight. It might be well to say here that the name of the head of the Home Guard of Hwa Chiao is Mr. Whang Tsi Yui; that of the local sheriff is Mr. Liou Shin Lung.

The order of traveling procession in which the party left the inn is this: (1) the Kienyang horseman, Mr. Liao, who was a good distance ahead carrying a small bundle slung over his shoulder; (2) five of the Shenchow carriers carrying the priests' luggage; (3) the three Christian boys Hwang Tien I (Peter), Chou Ping Yen (Paul) and Wang Cosmas; (4) the three Fathers riding on their mules; (5) one more

carrier; (6) the Chenki horseman, Mr. Shia. Immediately upon leaving Hwa Chiao the priests were addressed by a certain man who claimed he was the representative of the *Twan Chung* (Home Guard) of Hwa Chiao. This gentleman informed the party that there were no bandits in the immediate vicinity of Hwa Chiao. Hence it was with renewed assurance that the Fathers left the village. In a short time the party had regained the main road to Yuanchow, the village of Hwa Chiao being situated a short distance from that road.

THE Fathers traveled one *li* (one-third of a mile) on the main road when to the left side of the road, going towards Hwai Hwa, a gang of bandits numbering sixteen or seventeen armed with guns appeared and commanded a halt, threatening to shoot if the Fathers moved an inch. The bandits came up, as soon as the Fathers halted their mules. Father Clement asked the men who halted them who their honorable Soldier General was.

"We are the soldiers of Nieh Lien

Chang," was the reply. In further conversation these men maintained they were soldiers of General Chen Han Chang. It was noted that the bandits consistently spoke of their leader as Nieh Lien Chang. Only on one occasion did they contend that they were Chen Han Chang' troops. The Fathers then requested the men who had halted them to kindly present their cards (visiting) to the military officer in charge. The bandits answered, "Wait a while." They then promised to escort the Fathers to their officer. The bandits examined the priests' baggage and baskets carefully and, taking three foreign valises set these on the side of the main road and placed a few bandits to guard this luggage. Then in great haste they ordered the priests and their party to proceed further up the road. They marched—bandits leading and bandits bringing up the rear—for about seventy-five feet, and then turned off the main road to the right. This proved to be no thoroughfare, but merely a plot covered with tall grass, thistles and briars, overhanging thorn bushes and low hanging trees. (The Chinese describe this by saying "we went through a *Lung*.") At times they passed by wheat fields on the mountain sides. Soon after leaving the main road the Fathers were forced to climb a steep mountain. So steep was it that it was impossible to ride the mules. The Fathers were told to dismount and walk. Evidently the bandits were in a hurry. The priests leading their mules walked up and around this mountain for a distance of two *li*. While trying to hustle Father Clement's mule along one of the bandits struck the mule with a stick and the mule, a very unruly animal, let fly his two feet and kicked the bandit in the face. All this time the bandits prodded the carriers, striking them many times with sticks and hitting them with the butt ends of their guns. Each bandit also carried a sword. The Christian boys were also hurried along, suffering the same treatment as the carriers.

Having arrived at the summit of the hill, the priests were ordered to remount their mules, and rode on for two miles. The road was extremely rough-going, most of the distance traveled was through brush land. The general direction of travel in these hills was a half circle, back to a spot directly opposite Hwa Chiao and Ngan Sang (a Chinese temple where

the bandits later took dinner). The party of priests, carriers and boys finally came to an unplanted rice field, on the side of which was a spring of refreshing mountain water. Here the Fathers dismounted. The bandits permitted the carriers to drink their fill, but the Fathers and Christian boys were not allowed to relieve their burning thirst. The mules were tied and the baggage taken out of the baskets and rummaged. The rummaging over—it took half an hour—the Fathers were led up the side of a hill to a spot rather level, surrounded on all sides by higher hills. In this cove the priests asked to be introduced to the chief officer. The bandits answered, "First take off your clothes and then we will take you to our officer." The priests must have known that the critical moment was at hand, for they began to comply with the command of the bandits. Father Walter removed his shirt, shoes, socks and trousers—he was not asked to give up his underwear. Fathers Clement and Godfrey were forced to give up their riding shirts and shoes, but for some unexplainable reason (perhaps their trousers were a bit worn) they were not compelled to part with their socks and trousers.

On asking the Christian boys and

the carrier, Su Pi Sen, why the bandits insisted that the Fathers strip we were told that they (the bandits) were searching for guns and ammunition. Father Clement acted as spokesman of the three priests and assured the bandits that priests, being propagators of religion only, did not have any guns or ammunition. The bandits were not satisfied with the priest's word, but commanded Father Clement to take off his clothes so that they might personally make certain of this statement. On removing his riding shirt the bandits at once searched it and found a silver dollar. One bandit took the dollar, went over to Father Walter who stood near by, and asked, "Have you also got some money?" meanwhile making a sign with his thumb and index finger indicating the round dollar. Father Walter had been in China only a few months and consequently did not understand the bandit's words, and besides the bandits, being natives of Hwa Chiao, spoke a very peculiar dialect. So Father Walter replied honestly to the bandit, *Pu Tung*, which means, "I don't understand what you say."

NARDLY had Father Walter uttered these words than the same bandit fired a shot right through his

head, entering on the left side of the face and coming out of the opposite side in the back of the head. His body fell heavily in the tall grass. Death must have been instantaneous. Father Clement, meanwhile, was in a stooped position, as if in the act of removing his shoes when the bandit came behind him and shot him. The report of the boy Peter confirms and agrees with the coroner's statement that Father Clement had been shot in the back of the head. Father Clement's forehead was found to be split open—the tearing exit of the bullet making a large fissure.

In the meantime the boy Hwang Tien I (Peter) noticed Father Godfrey's hand raised, as it were, in form for Absolution—the while he wept bitterly at the sight of the two mangled bodies of his fellow priests. Father Godfrey's own turn came quickly. Two shots were fired in quick succession at him. The boy Peter says that after Father Clement's body fell to the ground he had become so disturbed in mind that he could recall only that the shots were directed at Father Godfrey—he did not dare look to see Father Godfrey's body fall. This Peter was most devoted to Father Godfrey, having been his altar-boy and servant for more than a year.



FATHER GODFREY HOLBEIN, C.P., FEEDING SOME POOR OF SHENCHOW DURING THE FAMINE

Peter and Clement's Mass-server (Cosmas) were not forced to go up to the execution ground by the bandits, but since the Fathers had been told that there they would meet the chief officer the boys thought it best to go along in order to act as interpreters if this were necessary.

It is fitting to record that while the priests and boys were climbing the hill Father Godfrey told the boys to be sorry for their sins, to make an act of perfect contrition and to say an Our Father and a Hail Mary for their penance. He then gave them a general absolution. No doubt the priests absolved one another during the ride up the hill. All along the road Father Godfrey said the rosary, using his beads. He also kept telling his boy not to be afraid, that God's will would be done in their regard, and to be prepared to meet death as a Christian.

THE murder finished, the bandits immediately blew a bugle, turned right about face, and retreated, accompanied by the boys, down the hill. The bandits, however, stationed one or two of their number to guard the dead bodies. At the place of execution four bandits had taken up their position, thus preventing an attempt at escape on the part of the Fathers. The boys, Peter and Cosmas, noticed that the man who did the shooting (the other bandits addressed him as Nieh Lien Chang) was very small in stature. On the right side of his face he has a scar running down to the back of his ear. This scar is evidently the result of a sword wound. The carriers also noticed these characteristics of the bandit who did the killing. In this connection it is important to recall that on the night of the fatal day, while in the house of Mrs. Nieh, the inn-keeper, two men with guns entered the inn, looked over the priests' baggage and asked several questions. Hence there can be no doubt that the bandits knew certainly that the three foreigners were Catholic priests. There is no truth in the supposition of those who think the bandits mistook the priests for foreign merchants. It is definitely established that one of the two men who entered Mrs. Nieh's inn on this night, and who talked with the Fathers, actually shot the priests on the following day. This man is extraordinarily tall for a Chinese and was most noticeably pockmarked. He seems to be not

more than twenty-five years of age.

After leaving the place of the murder the bandits with the boys returned to the spring. There the carriers were forced again to take up their burdens. The mules were led by the bandits. Nieh Lien Chang tried to mount Father Clement's mule, but was thrown and kicked by the mule. Carrier Su Pi Sen declares that he saw the personal effects of the priests (their hats, shoes, one pair of pants, one pair of socks, wrist watch and a pair of glasses) carried off among the other luggage. The Christian boys were tied by one hand. Thus bound they were marched nearly three miles to Ngan Sang where there is a Chinese temple called Chang Kwang Miao. The bandits were served dinner in this temple by a Chinese monk, one Ho San. The boys were not taken into the temple, but were held and guarded by a few bandits in an open place a short distance from the pathway leading to the temple.

The bandits at once began to demand ransom money from the boys—one hundred dollars from each. The carriers were told that they could depart, but this they refused to do. They pleaded for the lives of the boys telling the bandits that these boys were helpers of the priests, lived in the Catholic mission, and received but a few dollars salary per month for their services. Now that their priests were dead these boys could not raise so large a sum of money. The bandits made the boys promise that in future they would not work for foreigners. The bandits when speaking to or about the Fathers called them "foreign devils" and spoke of the boys as "slaves of the foreigners." This leads us to suspect that the bandits were impregnated with Bolshevistic doctrines, and were, besides being bandits, what we commonly style Reds. The bandits referred to the missions (the place where the boys worked) as *Yang Hang* (foreign concerns). About 5:30 P. M. on April 24th, the boys and the carriers were set free, but were told to travel a different road back to Chenki and Shenchow. Wang Cosmas and Chou Paul set out for Yuanchow; Hwang Peter and the carriers returned to Chenki, coming back over the Mayang-Chenki road that passes through Lanni, Tanwan, leading directly to Chenki.

The military after helping to recover the bodies, have devoted

themselves to the pursuit and capture of the bandits. Needless to say the people, at least some of them, are implicated in the murder.

The head of the Chenki military has gone out to Hwa Chiao, and Tsen Han Tsang has sent a regiment from Hungkiang. The Chenki and Yuanchow magistrates are on the scene. A terrible retribution is being meted out to the people of Hwa Kiao and the surrounding country. Every person in the least way implicated in the murders will be put to death. Up till the present, Hwang Twan Tsung, the man who refused to meet the Fathers when they were seeking protection, has been executed. The *Twei Tsang*, a Mr. Liu, has also been executed. The inn-keeper, Mr. Nieh, has gone into hiding and up to the present has not been found. But his wife, the woman who left the inn during the discussion that evening, has been brought to Chenki and put to death. Two other residents of the town have likewise paid the death penalty.

Daily, news is coming in, but so far there is no idea of what the motive could have been for the killing of the priests. The bandits said nothing about ransom, and their leading the priests off to a place so hidden and to the very mouth of that pit, could hardly have been for any other motive than one of murder. Being bandits we can understand the robbery—but the killing is puzzling all.

The head of the local military has notified us of the finding of a few valises, a camera and some odds and ends on the mountains. A carrier has been sent to Hwa Chiao to bring these articles into Chenki.

Thus ends the story of this terrible tragedy.

AT noon on April 30th, the bodies of our martyred priests arrived in Shenchow. Here the huge coffins were repainted and varnished, making them air-tight. For four days they were kept in the Church of St. Augustine, Shenchow. A High Mass of Requiem was sung each morning for the repose of their souls. All day and all night the faithful Christians offered prayers and supplications to the merciful Lord in behalf of the souls of the priests who come out from America to minister unto their souls.

The body of Father Constantine Leech, C.P., had arrived from Yungshun on April 29th. His coffin, too, was placed alongside those of the

three murdered priests. Father Constantine died of typhoid on April 26th.

SATURDAY, May 4, 1929, a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Father Agatho Purtill, C.P., Prefect Delegate, the deacon of the Mass being Father Rupert, C.P., of Luki Mission. Father Ernest of Kaotsun Mission was sub-deacon and Father Cyprian Frank, C.P., Director of St. Joseph's Little Seminary, Shenchow, was master of ceremonies. Fathers William, Cuthbert and Gregory assisted in the sanctuary, while Fathers Paul, Jeremias, Basil and Francis sang the Mass. At nine o'clock the funeral procession started to the Catholic cemetery on a hill just outside the city wall of Shenchow. A small sealed bottle containing a brief account of each Father's life and death was placed in the graves. After the graves had been blessed and the *Benedictus* sung, the four coffins

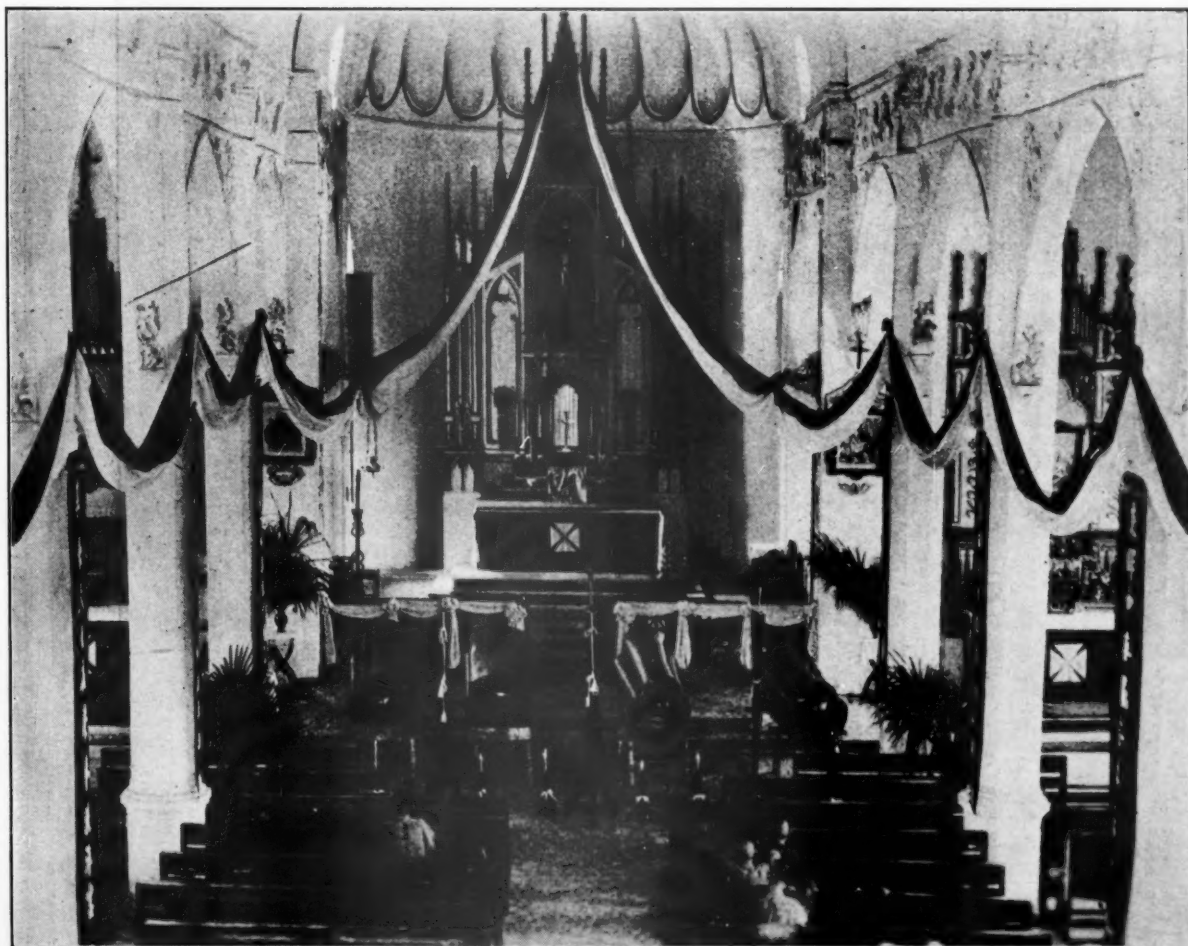
were lowered into the graves and immediately covered.

Though overcome with sorrow and grief at the loss of four of our companions and missionaries, the Fathers, Sisters and Christians returned from the burial with a conviction in their hearts that they had participated in a glorious ceremony—faith telling them that while they were putting the earthly remains of these Fathers in the cold earth their souls were clothed in eternal splendor in the court of Heaven.

FOR our own comfort and for the comfort of our brethren at home we wish to record that Father Constantine had the solace of two priests at his deathbed. He had plenty of time to receive the last sacraments, and did so most peacefully and with perfect resignation to God's will. Fathers Walter, Godfrey and Clement had just made the annual re-

treat at Shenchow, and were returning through obedience to their missions. May we not justly call them **MARTYRS?**

For us priests and Sisters who remain behind, the holy lives of sacrifice of these four Fathers will prove a stimulating influence in our efforts to carry on heroically. And to our brethren at home in the States and to the Religious of our Congregation throughout the world, the knowledge of these details will, we hope, fire some souls with zeal to spend their lives for the cause of Christ in China. Our Catholic people in America will do well to broadcast the glory of these heroic men—heroic in life and in death—and be led to do all in their power by fostering vocations and by prayer and interest in the missions that our work now planted in blood may prosper unto the glory of God, their own salvation and the salvation of countless other souls.



THE COFFINED BODIES OF OUR FOUR AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, SHENCHOW, CHINA



REVEREND FATHER CONSTANTINE LEECH, C.P.

ON FRIDAY, April 26th, 1929, the Passionist Fathers in China lost one of their most zealous and beloved missionaries, Rev. Father Constantine Leech. His sudden death, wholly unexpected, has left a void in the mission staff that it will be very hard to fill. A saintly priest, imbued with the spirit of sacrifice for the cause of Christ Crucified in China, he sealed that life of sacrifice by his death among the people for whose salvation he had so gladly and generously spent himself.

It was only a week before his death that the fatal illness showed itself. True, difficult mission problems and many worries, the recent death of his mother and other circumstances must have had their share to lessen his vitality. Yet, he was apparently in good health and his death was as surprising as it was saddening.

On Friday, April 19th, Father Constantine complained of not feeling well. He ate very little, and that little he was unable to retain. That day, however, he said Holy Mass as usual, and went about most of his customary duties. The following day, feeling worse, he went to bed after having said Mass. He feared that he might have contracted cholera and, therefore, abstained from drinking any water, although he was exceedingly thirsty and feverish.

He must have had some premoni-

Father Constantine Leech, C.P.

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

tion that his present illness was to be his last. He realized that it would not be safe for him to remain at his Mission and therefore made all arrangements to leave for Yungshunfu (the nearest Mission) on the following day after Mass. But when Sunday morning came he was so sick that he could scarcely stand. He could not even retain so much as a cup of tea and realized that saying

Father Constantine Leech, C.P., the son of John Leech and Mary Carlin, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on January 17, 1892. In 1911 he entered the Passionist Preparatory College in Dunkirk, N. Y., and made his religious profession on May 5, 1914. He was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. Hugh Boyle at Beatty, Pa., on February 4, 1923, and sailed for China from Seattle on the following August 6th. Accompanying him were these Passionist missionaries: Fathers Dunstan Thomas, Quentin Ollwell, Arthur Benson and Edmund Campbell (died in China on April 13, 1925).

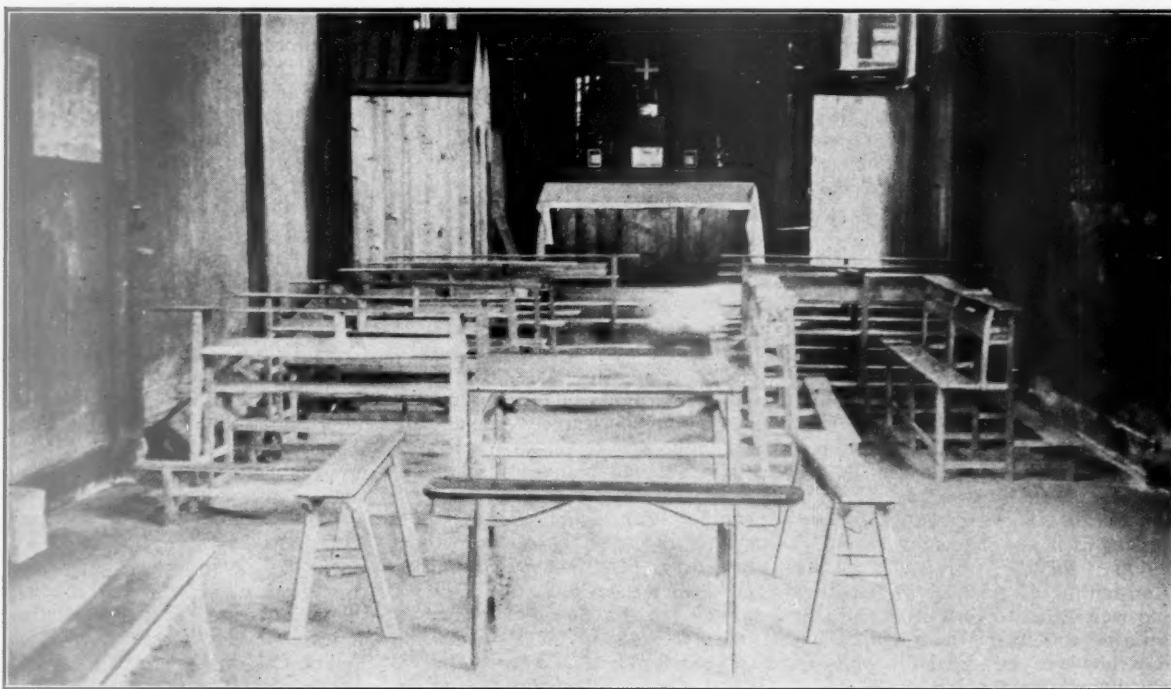
Mass was impossible. It was the first time since his ordination, as he himself told us later on, that he was unable to say Mass due to sickness. He, therefore, ordered a carrying chair to be brought and started on the long and arduous three days' journey from Lungshan to Yungshunfu that very morning.

No one can understand, much less describe the intense sufferings that Father Constantine must have endured on this journey. It was for this saintly Passionist the Way of the Cross that was to end on Calvary. Having had practically no food or drink for three days, suffering intense thirst and excruciating headache, running a very high fever, he was carried up and down the mountains, constantly being jogged and jarred. What long agonizing days these must have been!

The pastor of Yungshunfu, Rev. Agatho Purtill, C.P., was absent at the time of Father Constantine's arrival Tuesday at about 2 P. M. Father Caspar Conley, C.P., was in charge of the Mission while Father Agatho was in Shenchow for the annual retreat. As soon as Father Constantine arrived, everything was done to make him as comfortable as possible. At first the good Father insisted on using a folding cot, not wanting to deprive any of the other Fathers of his bed. He was finally



FATHER CONSTANTINE LEECH WITH HIS ALTAR-BOYS AFTER MASS ON EASTER



FATHER CONSTANTINE "COMBINATION" AT LUNGSHAN. IN THE REAR, ALTAR AND CONFESSIONAL. AT RIGHT BLACKBOARD FOR CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. CENTER TABLE IS DINING-ROOM. GUEST-ROOM IN REAR.

persuaded — only after he had been asked to do so as a favor—to use the bed of one of the local priests.

A few hours later Father Agatho and I arrived from Shenchow, our mission headquarters in China. I had recently been appointed to this Mission.

Though Father Constantine was almost exhausted, he felt considerably better after a few hours of rest. He was very uneasy, however, and seemed to know that he was far more seriously ill than any one suspected. He insisted on going to confession. Everything in our power was done to make him as comfortable and peaceful as possible. At this stage we did not know to what cause to attribute his illness, but felt that it was mostly due to worry over the difficulties he had to undergo the last few months. However, since he himself feared that he might have contracted cholera we applied the remedies at hand and took all necessary precautions. Father Caspar stayed with him until 11 P. M., and then decided to take a little rest since the patient seemed much better. A Chinese lad, very devoted to Father Constantine, was to stay with him through the night and to call one of us were it deemed expedient. Father

Caspar slept in the next room. About 1:30 A. M. Father Constantine told the boy to call one of the priests. Father Caspar came immediately and, shortly afterwards, Father Agatho. The sick priest was very nervous and frightened. He feared that he was losing his mind. He at times thought that he was, perhaps, going to die. Still he was perfectly conscious. After an hour or two he became calmer and fell asleep.

In the morning Father Constantine said that he felt much better. He even ate some breakfast consisting of milk-toast and a little tea. He seemed to relish it and was able to retain it. All that day he felt greatly improved and even considered leaving for Shenchow in a few days, when a retreat was to be held for those missionaries who could not attend the one just finished.

WEDNESDAY evening his temperature rose to 105 degrees; but his mind was perfectly clear and he maintained that he was feeling much better than before. He told the priests to go to bed and that he would have them called in case he began to feel worse. This night the Chinese boy again stayed in the sick room. At 1:30 he came to Father Agatho's

room and told him that Father Constantine was calling for him to come quickly. The Father did. Hardly had he entered the room than Father Constantine's mind began to wander. Father Agatho at once called the other priests, and Father Caspar brought the holy oils from the church. Father Constantine became steadily worse and we feared that he was dying. Whilst Father Caspar was caring for the sick priest, Father Agatho anointed him and I said the prayers for the dying. His bed of suffering was to be the Passionist's cross whereon he was to die. Having followed the Way of the Cross in imitation of the Divine Master, he was now to imitate Christ even more closely. He who had followed in the footsteps of the Savior during life would faithfully follow His example in death.

By this time we had been able to diagnose Father Constantine's illness. He was suffering from typhoid fever. We, of course, did everything in our power to help him, but having no proper remedies at hand there was indeed little we could do. It was sad to see the suffering of the priest and to realize how powerless we were to alleviate his agony. It was impossible to get so much as a piece of ice to

keep down his burning fever.

All morning one or more of us was constantly attending him. At noon — not knowing how long this illness might last—we decided to take regular turns in watching him. I stayed at the bedside from one o'clock until four, and was followed by Father Caspar who remained from four until eight. Father Agatho remained in the sick room until midnight.

The end was drawing near, though none of us suspected it. About 1:30 restlessness ceased and the patient was breathing regularly and quietly. It was a great relief for the one watching him, and he prayed that Father Constantine might have a sorely-needed rest. About 1:45 I observed the regular heaving of the breast, and kept watching him constantly. The fingers were still twitching, as they had done for the last twenty-four hours or more. Ten minutes later there was a little sigh, and Father Constantine's head drooped slightly to one side. I immediately called the other priests who came at once. It was apparent to all of us that death had claimed him. Unexpectedly and suddenly the end

had come. Although we tried, by using artificial respiration and by rubbing, to restore the circulation of the blood, it was all to no avail. Just about twenty-four hours after he became unconscious Father Constantine Leech died, Friday, April 26, 1929, at 2 o'clock in the morning. The sacrifice was finished. His Calvary was over and he went to reap the eternal reward that his zealous, saintly life and his years of sacrifice for souls merited.

FATHER in the day we clothed him in the Passionist habit, and placed a stole around his neck, and a crucifix in his hand. After the prayers of the Church had been recited, the remains were laid to rest before the Eucharistic Lord before Whom His servant had spent so many hours.

On Sunday, April 28th, feast of the Founder of the Passionist Congregation, Father Constantine's remains were taken to Shenchow, our central mission, and there buried. He who spent his life for the Chinese would doubtless want to remain amongst them in death.

The missionary zeal of Father Constantine is well portrayed in the

words of the Little Flower:

"I long for sufferings; and the cross
With strong desire my heart doth
crave.

A thousand deaths were gain, not
loss,

If but one soul I help to save!"

May he rest in peace. May his death be fruitful unto the salvation of the souls for whom he sacrificed his life. And we, his brothers in the mission field, earnestly hope and confidently expect that Father Constantine will ever be with us and our work; that, with God's grace and through his intercession, we may carry on the noble cause for which he sacrificed himself. In life his never failing charity made him dear to us; his example of saintliness and zeal were sources of admiration and a spur to imitation. His death, sad though it be, is to us an inspiration. God grant that our hearts may be filled with that spirit of sacrifice which made him face hardships so bravely, willingly follow the royal road of the Cross and, like the greatest of all missionaries, the Divine Savior Himself, die for the salvation of souls. May he rest in peace!

A Letter from Father Constantine Leech, C.P.

Written to friends last Christmas from his Mission in Lungshan, Hunan, China. In view of his untimely death his request that his friends would have "a thought for far away China" has all the greater force. By our prayers and donations we can make the Lungshan Mission what he wanted it to be.—EDITOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

How quickly the year glides by and slips into Eternity! It seems but yesterday since writing you from Shanghai, I sent you last year's Christmas Greetings. The year has been a busy one, but what has been accomplished God must reckon. I had hoped that by this time to be able to tell you that Lungshan had a place of its own with mission compound and church, but "man proposes, God disposes."

Half the year had passed before being free from other duties I was able to return to Lungshan. Immediately the doctrine school, with instructions for both the city and country folks, whomsoever desired to study, was opened. Many have evinced the desire of becoming Christians; some of these are studying doctrine here at the mission, while others are studying at their homes. But until we can obtain a more suitable site for the mission the work is greatly handicapped, because the house that is now rented is too small, too far from the main street, and not at all suited for a mission. Many places have been considered, but there always turns up some difficulty or other, exorbitant price, in some out of the way place, too small, Chinese restrictions on buying, etc. Hence, there is nothing to do but wait with patience and trust the Good Lord to help us in His own good time.

During joyful Christmas tide when that desire of "peace to all men" fills your heart, I ask you to have a thought for far away China. Think of the thousands here in Lungshan who know no peace here and no hope for peace hereafter. Will you help, if only a little, in the gigantic task of bringing them this peace of Christ? If in other ways unable to help, while before the altar in your church pray and plead with Christ's Sacred Heart to give His grace and help to the Chinese people that they may listen to His Voice calling to their souls. Likewise remember me that while working for others, I myself may not "become a castaway."

Sincerely in Christ,

FATHER CONSTANTINE, C.P.

Gemma's League

AN ASSOCIATION OF PRAYERS AND GOOD WORKS

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particularly way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHOD: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular as well as many mem-

bers of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual* society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regu-

lar money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

THE PARTON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1929

Masses Said	151
Masses Heard	54,554
Holy Communions	30,803
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	89,584
Spiritual Communions	157,080
Benediction Services	24,588
Sacrifices, Sufferings	99,770
Stations of the Cross	18,231
Visits to the Crucifix	67,999
Beads of the Five Wounds	439,780
Offerings of Precious Blood	450,687
Visits to Our Lady	61,996
Rosaries	59,234
Beads of the Seven Dolors	10,695
Ejaculatory Prayers	3,736,415
Hours of Study, Reading	44,821
Hours of Labor	95,904
Acts of Kindness, Charity	91,307
Acts of Zeal	217,968
Prayers, Devotions	699,106
Hours of Silence	90,554
Various Works	170,922
Holy Hours	768

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecl. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MONSIGNOR CUNNEELY
REV. JOHN F. LEONARD
REV. FATHER ALPHONSE
REV. DANIEL HEFFERNAN
REV. WILLIAM H. DARCEY
SISTER MARY DIONYSIUS
SISTER ISABEL
SISTER M. CELESTA
SISTER M. KOSKA
STAFFORD
M. BERNARD MCCARTHY
SISTER M. PAULINE, O.S.B.
SISTER INNOCENTIA
JOHN MONROE
GEORGE PAUKSTIS
BERNARD SHERIDAN
HELEN M. SMITH
MRS. M. CHUCK
JOHN CONNERTON
T. E. DONAHUE
MRS. MARY A. FISH
MARTIN FAHEY
JOSEPH A. MARQUIS
MRS. J. D. FARRELL
ANNA LYNCH

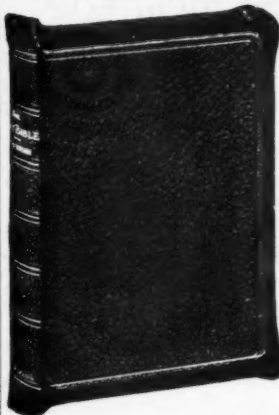
ANDREW FENEIS
MARY THOMPSON
ROBERT MARTEN
PETER MAHON
M. I. MacNEIL
FREDERICK LACKNER
ELLEN NOONE
WILLIAM P. COUGHLIN
MISS SARAH KEEFE
P. F. BRENNAN
MRS. JOHN WALSH
CATHERINE F. PHELPS
MR. JAMES KEEFE
OWEN TEVLIN
EDWARD J. CARTY
MRS. SARAH KEEFE
MRS. MARY BURNS
THOMAS E. HENNESSY
MRS. SARAH RIEMER
MR. STEPHEN KEEFE
MRS. L. O'DONNELL
MRS. CATHERINE HURLEY
WILLIAM J. CURTIS
W. J. PLOIRENNIK
THOMAS SULLIVAN
AGNES T. SULLIVAN
J. FRANK WILLIAMS
ANNA A. FARRELL
MRS. MARY A. BRADY
MRS. BERNARD ROHDE
MRS. PHILOMENA GLATZ
MRS. MARY A. HALE
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